Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1877. NUMBER 8.

...ARROWS OF PEOPLE
...MOST ...ATE AT THE
...W CASH STORE
—OF—
...E. BAKER, JONES & CO.,
...ARE AT WITH THEM
...IBLE TESTIMONY
...THAT THE
...reat Eldorado
—FOR—
...HEAP GOODS
OF ALL KINDS
...HEN FOUND AT LAST!
—WHERE—
...ER BARGAINS!
...AND MORE OF THEM!
...RGE, AND CASH ONLY,
...ER THAN AT
...the WISE in Newborn Cambria.
—AND THE—
...HO WAS THIS IS THUS
...ONLY THE LARGEST STOCK
...for Ebensburg,
...LESS AND CASH ONLY
...ATE NO BAD DEBTS
...OUR OWN BLANKETS,
...ALL OVER OTHER GOODS
...the LOWEST prices at
...are enabled to
...NEW LOWER FIGURES
...DEFY COMPETITION!
...the quality of our
...called for them.
...Never Sell Goods Every Day
...the benefit of my de-
...as it owes.
...FOR THE CELEBRATED
...FLANNELS.
...BUY THE BEST PRICES FOR
...Produce.
...Yours Truly,
Pryce, Baxter, Jones & Co.

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THE TRUE WIFE.

BY S. W. LOPER.

The times were hard, and honest John was poor,
'Twas all the worthy man could do
To keep the hungry wolf without the door,
And clothe his many children, too.

And though his trust in God was always strong,
His weary heart was sometimes sad;
The path he trod seemed very rough and long,
And few the comforts that he had.

One night he sat in thinking, dreary mood,
After his evening meal was o'er,
While by his side his wife as thoughtful stood,
Watching the care-worn look he wore.

At last said she—true wifely words to hear,
And spoken in her own sweet way,
Stirring his all-ennobled soul to cheer,
And all his anxious fears allay—

"We have so many ways for money, John,
And you are earning little, too,
I've been thinking to-day, while you were gone,
Of something more that I might do."

He waited for no more. With look of pride
His arm was quick around her throwing,
Such wife, such love, was worth all else beside,
No greater fortune could be known.

"My darling, noble wife! thy loving heart
Is always full of tender care,
And always starting with its woman's art
To ease the burdens that we bear.

"God's blessing on thee, wife so good, so true,
So faithful in thy cheering power,
In all our troubles never shrinking though
The darkest of the sadness lour.

"And with thee and the little ones to health,
I will no sorrow or complain,
For ye are better far than countless wealth,
Or everything that wealth can gain."

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

A STORY OF FEMALE HEROISM.

There died in Detroit recently a woman so little known, even to the people on the block in which she lived, that the crape on the door was the first warning many of them had that she had been ill. It was the widow Bailey, and living in the same cottage, and made a widow at the same time, was Mrs. Ebbetts.

As the trial of John D. Lee brought back to public recollection the terrors of pioneer life in the west, the death of Mrs. Bailey may again uncover that page of history on which was written the Indian massacres of frontier settlers in Minnesota. Both widows were victims of that brief and bloody strife which despoiled so many cabins on that picket line of civilization. History forgot to record their names and their heroism.

When the Frontier troubles began the two widows were wives and mothers, living in log cabins about a mile apart. These two cabins were the only ones for three or four miles either way, and when the outbreak of the Indians became so suspicious that pioneers counselled removal from the frontier, the Ebbetts family left their home and consolidated with the Baileys for mutual defense. Each family had two children, making eight persons in the cabin. The Indians had thus far professed no war, and they were fierce and savage looks, startled about as if keeping watch on the settlers, and the pioneers were living in a state of excitement and apprehension. One day, when the women had occupied the same cabin for two weeks, Mr. Bailey started for a settlement seven miles distant to procure provisions, leaving Mr. Ebbetts to guard the cabin. All outdoor work had ceased. If the pioneer moved outside of the barricaded cabin his rifle was carried in his hand, and his eyes were on the alert to detect the presence of the expected foe.

The average woman can save the lives of friendship, or the superior to the perils of the home, to carry her point. Mrs. Bailey had not been gone an hour when the children, rendered nervous and miserable by their close confinement, engaged in a quarrel. The eldest child was five; so that no great physical damage could have been inflicted, but the quarrel angered the mothers; harsh words passed and Mrs. Ebbetts declared that she would not remain in the timber cabin an hour. Her husband was weak-minded enough to share in her feelings, and immediately preparations were made to return and occupy his own cabin. He took the bed on his back, and the oldest child by the hand and started for home, leaving his wife to follow on with his rifle and the other child. Anger brought such a spirit of recklessness that the men no longer feared any danger. Mrs. Ebbetts did not immediately follow, having to make up a bundle of little articles, and the husband had about twenty minutes start of her. While both women were heartily ashamed of their silly conduct five minutes after their hot words had been spoken, yet neither would be the first to make conciliatory advances, and Mrs. Bailey stood in her cabin door and saw Mrs. Ebbetts and child disappear in the forest.

Just as she lost sight of them she heard the report of rifles and faint yells in the direction of the other cabin, and she instantly divined that the long expected blow had fallen. Forgetting everything but the fact that her neighbors were in peril, she took down the spare rifle which her husband had provided, and which she knew how to use, warned her children not to leave the cabin, and in two or three minutes she was running through the woods after Mrs. Ebbetts. It subsequently appeared that Ebbetts had just reached his home when he was attacked by a band of at least fifty Indians. The child was shot at the first volley, but the father prolonged his life for a few minutes by dodging from tree to tree. His wife was within eighty rods of him when he was killed. She heard the firing and whooping, and, while prudence warned her to retreat, her love forced her on to join her husband. The Indians had caught sight of her and opened fire when Mrs. Bailey came up.

History will never record a braver deed. Rendered desperate by the almost certain knowledge that her husband and one child had been murdered, Mrs. Ebbetts was like a tigress. She had her husband's rifle, and for a time the two love women held the entire band of savages at bay. Nay, more than that, they killed three of the redskins and wounded two more, as the Indians afterward admitted. When they found that the plan was to surround them they fell back. Between that point and the cabin the child was killed. The weapon carried the body for a few rods, but the close pursuit obliged them to drop it.

A new horror awaited them as they entered the cabin. The demons had already been there. The oldest child was dead on the floor, its head almost severed from the body, and the youngest had been carried away. Two Indians were still in the house, making preparations to burn it. One made a safe escape, but the other was shot down by Mrs. Ebbetts as he cleared the doorstep. There was no time to remember the scalped and mutilated bodies in the forest. The Indians were at the door almost before the dark body at the step had ceased quivering.

It was a stout cabin, having more strength than convenience. Logs and sod were not yet seasoned enough to burn, and the single window was protected by a heavy blind. The red skins knew that there were only two women in the house, and they dashed at it and swarmed around it as wolves would surround a helpless dog.

Mrs. Ebbetts was as pale as death and her hand trembled as she loaded the rifle, but her eyes shone like fire and she put her ear against the door. I suppose I was half crazed, for I wanted to open the door and fight in the whole band."

This saps the survivor, whose story at the smaller affair is as clear as the page of a book. The excitement was too great for the women to give evidence, but both understood that the Indians must be beaten off. There were two loopholes in the door and others in the walls. While the savages were massing against the door two of them were badly wounded without, and poor Ebbetts was killed. Lost a loophole in the wall. Discovering that they had got some work in hand the Indians drew off and took cover behind logs, stumps and trees, and for an hour they fired at the loopholes, hoping that a chance shot might kill or wound. Their bullets were simply wasted, and the effort to save the roof was time spent in smoking.

All day long the siege was maintained, and when darkness fell the women realized that it was to be the longest night of their lives. A table stood in the room, having served as a bier for the dead husband and child. Against this they piled the heavy articles, and the two made up a bundle of little articles, and the husband had about twenty minutes start of her. While both women were heartily ashamed of their silly conduct five minutes after their hot words had been spoken, yet neither would be the first to make conciliatory advances, and Mrs. Bailey stood in her cabin door and saw Mrs. Ebbetts and child disappear in the forest.

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A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

A dozen—journalists, hunters, Indian-fighters and miners—sat around a campfire on the trail to Deadwood. Soft flakes of snow sailed in countless volleys through the night air, and finally settled down into the sputtering fire or upon the cold earth.

There were other men on the trail before and behind. Men rush wherever the precious metal is discovered. There were broken wagons, dead horses and human skeletons along every mile of the trail, and fever-eyed Indians looked out from every cañon and down upon travelers from every hill.

The dozen gathered closer as darkness shut down and the snow flakes came faster, and by and by an old man with grizzly locks and piercing eye said, as if speaking to himself:

"Custer went in to kill. It was an awful thing to do—to rush three hundred men down upon five thousand reds—but he did it, and meant to win. No other man will ever take such chances."

And yet one was near by who meant as fine greater chances. So exquisite was the step that he had almost entered camp before the sentinels saw him. He was a game to sign, and, as he halted where the light of the fire fell in his face, three or four men uttered exclamations of surprise and horror. There was blood on the stranger's face—blood on his great rough hands—blood over his clothing clear down to his waist. It was a terrible sight, and yet, as if something further was needed, the stranger opened his back to the men, and they saw three arrows had been made to stick in him. "Wahmpe—Inod!" he exclaimed as he looked from face to face.

Both were given him, and after drinking a full quart of water he grasped a leaf of venison and a hunk of meat, and tore them with his teeth as a wolf would have done. By and by, when his hunger had been somewhat appeased, he said:

"It happened off this way, eight or twenty miles. I led the trail somewhere, and the Sioux swooped down on me at noon to-day. The old woman and five children were in the wagon. There were forty or fifty reds, and it wasn't three minutes before the hull family was dead—all but me."

His eyes blazed with fire; he seemed to grow in height, and, casting the remnants of the food into the fire, he fiercely shouted:

"Think of the old woman having her brains beaten in by the fiends? Think of the children being hauled out in a wagon and scalped and mutilated and then thrown out from our sight? Come on—come with me!"

He leaped over the fire and bounded away into the darkness, but presently returned and said in a calmer voice:

"I'll, of course. It was which for who, but they were fifty to one. I drew 'em from the corpses. I dribbled 'em off with my rifle, but they were too many. They shot and stabbed me; they ran me to the hills; they have hunted me all the afternoon."

The guard trembled like a leaf, and the fresh blood ran from the wounds and trickled down in red paths over his neck and cheeks and clothing. The leader of the party tried to soothe him, promising aid as soon as daylight came, but the stranger waved his arms and cried out:

"What can you do? The wolves are feeding on my wife and children to-night; then some are back in the hills with the Indians. Can you bring life back to them? Give me a gun and an ax!"

No one moved for two or three seconds, being spellbound by his wild look and words, and the stranger picked up a loaded carbine and its box of cartridges, seized the light ax, and almost ere the camp-fire, and in another minute was lost sight of in the darkness, calling back, as his step was lost to hearing: "It is which for who!"

Next day, about mid-afternoon, the party came upon two dead Indian ponies, lying between the trail and the foot-hills to the right. A few yards further on was a great stain of blood on the two inches of snow covering the grass. A warrior had fallen here and been carried off by his comrades. There was the trail of a white man on foot, leading for the foot hills, but moving slowly, and there were plain traces that the man had halted every few rods to use his weapons. All along the trail were the dead tracks of ponies and an old hunter shook his head and said:

"It is the man who left our camp last night. Back that is what the reds first sighted him, and he stood no less tracks and killed two ponies and one Injun. There was a gang of forty or fifty reds, and the white man moved to get among the hills and have fair play. Just look that!"

Fifteen or twenty rods ahead were three dead ponies, lying close together. The band of redskins had made a charge upon the lone man at this point, and he had met them bravely. The snow told everything. Standing in his tracks, and not lifting a foot, except to wheel around, he had whipped the whole gang! There were three dead ponies within a hundred feet of the white man's position, and again the snow was crimsoned with two great patches of blood where the warriors had fallen.

"Great soul! but how he fit!" whispered the old hunter, as he saw how the snow had been trampled down; "but they wounded him here."

So they had. He had retreated slowly, seeming to have no fear, and along his trail was a track of blood. The foot hills were a mile away, and straight for the hills ran the blood path through the snow. There was no sound of conflict—no red demons in sight. "Which for who" had met them early in the morning, and the tragedy had been played before the sun was two hours old. Again, between the three dead ponies and the first hill the white man had been charged by the full band. They had circled around him and then charged at a common center. One lone man, armed with a carbine and an ax, was their center. Thirty, forty, perhaps fifty to one and yet he had not weakened in the least. On the right was a dead pony, on the left two crimson spots in the snow. Ahead toward the hill a horse had fallen and struggled up, and half a dozen trails of blood could be counted. The Indians had given away, and at a slow pace the white man had resumed his journey.

"You will see a sight to make your flesh crawl, over in the hills," whispered the hunter, and the party slowly advanced.

The lone man had not limited his game. The yelling, howling, whooping redskins galloping around him, firing upon him and sure of his scalp, had not shaken his nerve. Over the hill, across a little valley, up a ravine, and there was the end. The white man could go no further, and there he stood at bay.

"May the Lord have mercy on him!" gasped a miner, as the little band looked over the field of battle. There were dead and wounded ponies; there were blood patches on the snow and four Indians, stark and still, were lying at one side, the survivor not having horses enough to carry off all their dead.

At the head of the ravine the snow had scarcely a color except red. The redskins had charged in a body, and, dropping his carbine when the last cartridge was gone, the lone man had used his ax with awful effect. They had slug him and struck him with their tomahawks, and when he went out he had more wounds than could be counted. There he lay, the ax still clinched with grim grip, his eyes wide open, his body covered with wounds, and before him was a regard to prove a more terrible fight than Custer's. He had fought fifty men single-handed. He had driven them back again and again, and a dozen lives had been taken for his one. "Which for who," he had said, and "who" had won, but it was not a victory for the red men to boast over. When they rode out of the valley every horse had a double burden of lying and dead, and yet some had to be left behind.

The party could not dig up the frozen ground to give the brave man burial.—Fifty miles away the gaunt wolves were gnawing at the bodies of wife and children. As the party turned away from the horrible sight, gaunt wolves crept down to scan these lone also. They inched from cover to corpse, snuffing their yellow fangs, and before the sun went down another legend of the plains and hills was hidden from the sight of the traveler.—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

MORE DOG STORIES.—The Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph of recent date contains the following:

Some time in October, while one of Mr. James Andrews' little boys was playing near the mill stream, in North Paris, he lost his footing and fell into the water legend his death, and the strong current was carrying him rapidly down the stream, when Mr. Andrews' huge Newfoundland dog, observing the situation, plunged into the water, swam out into the stream, and caught the little boy and brought him ashore.

In a town in New Hampshire, a dog for years accompanied the children of the family to school, and he kept up his attendance long after the children had outgrown school-going. The dog was perfectly quiet, giving neither teacher nor children trouble. The terms of school averaged about ten weeks. Last year the term was prolonged two weeks. The dog left at the end of ten weeks and though frequently passing the school house, he never entered the room after he left; but he always had a puzzled expression on his face as he looked at the children coming out.

A dog in this village seeing his master's horse and wagon come home with no one in charge, got out at a tremendous gait until he found his master. When discovered by passers-by, the dog was doing his best in the way of pouncing and pulling at his master's coat collar to induce him to get up on the ground—a work of some difficulty at the moment—a fact which the dog appeared to realize as well as the passers-by.

"Fuss," when told to jump into the buggy or sleigh, looks to see if the way is clear; if the ride hangs over the side or any other inconvenience appears, he turns to his master, and makes no jump until everything is clear for him. But, strange to tell, if the whip is taken from the socket, with indications that a sharp blow is to be given, he seizes the stock in his mouth and holds on, and this he has done repeatedly, growling or barking at times. That's instinct, is it?

The Troy Times relates the following as having occurred at Uber's Falls: "A boy exploded on South street a few nights since, and at the cry of fire the trained dog of the Cunningham hose company sound the bell rope of the engine house and rang an alarm, which received the police. The fire was extinguished with small damage."

ROBBERY AND RESTITUTION.—The still, small voice of conscience sometimes proves more potent in revealing crime than the most shrewd and expert detectives. Such at least was the case in a recent revelation, which, for the many romantic incidents abounding in it, has seldom been equaled. About ten years ago a young man named C. C. Martin was employed by W. & J. Harper & Co., of Philadelphia, to negotiate for the purchase of some land near Pithole City. He was entrusted with $25,000 to buy the land with, and he went to that city and put up at the principal hotel. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Estella Warren, the wife of the landlord, and shortly afterwards eloped with her, taking with him the money. Every effort to find the infatuated wife and the shrewd schemer was without success. Time wore on, and two members of the firm died, leaving William Harper the only surviving partner. The great panic of 1873 swept the fortune of the latter away, leaving him bankrupt. He gradually drifted to Forest county, where he made his permanent residence. In the early part of last month Mr. Harper received a letter from the long-missing agent, dated San Francisco. Martin proposed to refund the $20,000, with interest, coupled with the proviso that he should be given immunity from arrest. In consequence of this letter Mr. Harper went to the Golden City, and following out the directions given in the letter he found Martin and Mrs. Warren luxuriously quartered in an aristocratic part of the city. Martin's propositions were accepted by Mr. Harper, and he received $36,000 and expenses. Mr. Harper inquired of Martin where he had gone when he left Pithole. He said that he went to Peru, where he invested a portion of his ill-gotten gains in the mining business. By saving this money he accumulated a fortune of over $2,000,000, and finally took up his residence in San Francisco. Mrs. Warren has borne Martin one child, who is blind and ten years of age. When he absconded with the woman he left a wife and several children in Maryland, but he has since provided for them.

It seems less than a cent a day to take a weekly paper; less than a diligent hen would earn in a month at the market price of eggs; less than one cigar a week, and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge in the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized Christmas turkey. A penny a day can be spared in many a home way than to stop up your paper.

Dead Eyes that Bear Witness.

There is a well worn story of the conviction of a murderer having been attained by the circumstance that a recognizable image or likeness was found impressed upon the victim's eye, after death. The story has been variously told. One version places the occurrence in Leeds, France; another, in England. It was probably invented about the time that daguerreotypes came into use; and was plausibly suggested by the fact that a small picture of whatever the eye is looking at is formed in the centre of the eye and is plainly visible to other eyes. As the story is told in one way, a daguerreotype was taken of the victim, and the image of the murderer was found in the eye by a painter who was making a picture of the murdered man and had occasion to study the daguerreotype under high magnifying power. Another version makes the image found that of a friend who bent over the victim when expiring; the friend is of course arrested on the murderer, and then the plot gains variety. The notion that such an image in the eye could remain fixed after death must certainly have seemed plausible to coroners, or they would not have sung so many changes upon it. Perhaps, however, most readers dismissed it less than ninety as often it.

But the conceptions of fancy in one age often become the facts of discovery in another. Within a few weeks a patient German has announced and exhibited some striking experiments that bring the eye-picture story fully within the limits of possibility. Dr. W. Kuhne, professor of physiology in the university of Heidelberg, has been carefully reviewing and repeating a discovery of Dr. Boll, now of Rome. Dr. Boll had found that the external layer of the retina of the eye possesses it like a beautiful purple color. This color is perishable destroyed and renewed while the eye is doing work. Dr. Kuhne found that light was the agent by which the purple is destroyed; while the animal is alive the color is quickly restored by the corrective action of the neighboring tissues. The next discovery was that only certain kinds of light have the power of disengaging the color. If large number kinds of light, such for instance as is obtained by burning a mixture of soda and steeped, the purple color remains unaltered, even after hours. Finally, Dr. Kuhne found chemical reagents that would fix the color. Now came the crowning experiment. He had so of a rabbit so that one of its eyes was "for three minutes exposed to the light from an open window-shutter. Then he instantly decapitated the rabbit and put the eye in suitable packs. Two minutes after the decapitation the other eye was similarly exposed to light, and it too was afterward packed. The next morning both eyes showed a sharply defined image of the square of light, surrounded by a deep tint. The image in the second eye was some what the sharper and he witnessed this marvelous experiment.

HOW BROWN MANAGED IT.—"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the hook-and-straw principle."

"But what is the principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw mostly and built a 6 to 8 rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dragged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to tell to the girls that I think they had better not close eyes for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first rate. The young folks begin to pitch into each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged or be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage."

THE CARIBOU GIANT OUTDOOR.—The Troy Whig comes to the front with the following weighty story: A legal gentleman of Troy becomes an amount from a Michigan friend of the discovery of the skeleton of an animal in Eaton county, Mich., of such immense proportions that the Case & grant of Onondaga county, in our own State, sinks into the merest pigmy in comparison. We append the description of the monster: The thigh bones weigh 38 pounds each, are 2 feet 8 inches long and 2 feet 10 inches around at one end and 2 feet around at the other end. The fore leg bone, from the knee to foot, weighs 22 pounds. The first section of the neck bone, back of skull, weighs 14 pounds; the largest ones weighs 8 pounds, the ribs are 4 feet and 7 inches long, the shoulder blade is 2 feet and 10 inches long and all the others in proportion. There are 30 pieces of back bone. Taken together it is the most complete skeleton of the kind in the known world. It is estimated that the animal when alive was no less than from 17 to 20 times as large as an ox weighing 1,700 pounds, making the weight of the animal over 15 tons.

It has often been said that the establishment of hospitals was the peculiar work of the Christian Church, and that no heathen nation has ever made such provision. When China was opened to the world, about thirty years ago, the first European visitors spoke of finding native hospitals there, suffering that the Christian Church had been mistaken. But it now appears that numerous as these institutions are, they are really of Christian origin, having been founded by the early Roman Catholic missions as far back as

Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1877. NUMBER 8.

THE THRONGS OF PEOPLE

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—OF—

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WHO BEAR AWAY WITH THEM

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Ebensburg, Nov. 24, 1876.

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DAVID J. MORRELL, President.

PETER BAUMGARDNER, Treasurer.

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M. A. WESNER, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office recently occupied by M. J. Buck, M. D., in front of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at Mr. Buck's residence. [5-12,'76.]

ALEX. TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (late of Carrolltown) has permanently located at Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Calls may be left at the Post-office.

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THE TRUE WIFE.

BY S. W. LOPER.

The times were hard, and honest John was poor,
'Twas all the worthy man could do
To keep the hungry wolf without the door,
And clothe his many children, too.

And though his trust in God was always strong,
His weary heart was sometimes sad;
The path he trod seemed very rough and long,
And few the comforts that he had.

One night he sat in thinking, dreary mood,
After his evening meal was o'er,
While by his side his wife as thoughtful stood,
Watching the care-worn look he wore.

At last said she—true wifely words to hear,
And spoken in her own sweet way,
Striving his all-enburthened soul to cheer,
And all his anxious fears allay—

"We have so many ways for money, John,
And you are earning little, too,
I've been thinking to day, while you were gone,
Of something more that I might do."

He waited for no more. With look of pride
His arm was quick around her thrown;
Such wife, such love, was worth all else beside,
No greater fortune could be known.

"My darling, noble wife! thy loving heart
Is always full of tender care,
And always striving with thy woman's art
To ease the burdens that we bear.

"God's blessing on thee, wife so good, so true,
So faithful in thy cheering power,
In all our troubles never shrinking through
The darkest or the saddest hour.

"And with thee and the little ones in health,
I will not sorrow or complain,
For ye are better far than countless wealth,
Or everything that wealth can gain."

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

A STORY OF FEMALE HEROISM.

There died in Detroit recently a woman so little known, even to the people on the block in which she lived, that the crape on the door was the first warning many of them had that she had been ill. It was the widow Hutley, and living in the same cottage, and made a widow at the same time, was Mrs. Ebberts.

As the trial of John D. Lee brought back to public recollection the horrors of pioneer life in the west, the death of Mrs. Hutley may again uncover that page of history on which was written the Indian massacres of frontier settlers in Minnesota. Both widows were victims of that brief and bloody strife which desolated so many cabins on that picket line of civilization. History forgot to record their names and their heroism.

When the frontier troubles began the two widows were wives and mothers, living in log cabins about a mile apart. These two cabins were the only ones for three or four miles either way, and when the conduct of the Indians became so suspicious that prudence counselled removal from the frontier, the Ebberts family left their home and consolidated with the Hutleys for mutual defence. Each family had two children, making eight persons in the cabin. The Indians had thus far molested no one, but they wore fierce and surly looks, skulked about as if keeping watch on the settlers, and the pioneers were living in a state of excitement and apprehension. One day, when the women had occupied the same cabin for two weeks, Mr. Hutley started for a settlement seven miles distant to procure provisions, leaving Mr. Ebberts to guard the cabin. All outdoor work had ceased. If the pioneer moved outside of the barricaded cabin his life was carried in his hand, and his eyes were on the alert to detect the presence of the expected foe.

The average woman can sever the ties of friendship, or rise superior to the perils of the hour, to carry her point. Mr. Hutley had not been gone an hour when the children, rendered nervous and irritable by their close confinement, engaged in a quarrel. The eldest child was five; so that no great physical damage could have been inflicted, but the quarrel angered the mothers; harsh words passed and Mrs. Ebberts declared that she would not remain in the Hutley cabin an hour. Her husband was weak-minded enough to share in her feelings, and immediately preparations were made to return and occupy his own cabin. He took the bed on his back, and the oldest child by the hand and started for home, leaving his wife to follow on with his rifle and the other child. Anger brought such a spirit of recklessness that the man no longer feared any danger. Mrs. Ebberts did not immediately follow, having to make up a bundle of little articles, and the husband had about twenty minutes start of her. While both women were heartily ashamed of their silly conduct five minutes after their hot words had been spoken, yet neither would be the first to make conciliatory advances, and Mrs. Hutley stood in her cabin door and saw Mrs. Ebberts and child disappear in the forest.

Just as she lost sight of them she heard the report of rifles and faint yells in the direction of the other cabin, and she instantly divined that the long expected blow had fallen. Forgetting everything but the fact that her neighbors were in peril, she took down the spare rifle which her husband had provided, and which she knew how to use, warned her children not to leave the cabin, and in two or three minutes she was running through the woods after Mrs. Ebberts. It subsequently appeared that Ebberts had just reached his home when he was attacked by a band of at least fifty Indians. The child was shot at the first volley, but the father prolonged his life for a few minutes by dodging from tree to tree. His wife was within eighty rods of him when he was killed. She heard the firing and whooping, and, while prudence warned her to retreat, her love forced her on to join her husband. The Indians had caught sight of her and opened fire when Mrs. Hutley came up.

History will never record a braver deed. Rendered desperate by the almost certain knowledge that her husband and one child had been murdered, Mrs. Ebberts was like a tigress. She had her husband's rifle, and for a time the two love women held the entire band of savages at bay. Nay, more than that, they killed three of the redskins and wounded two more, as the Indians afterward admitted. When they found that the plan was to surround them they fell back. Between that point and the cabin the child was killed. The women carried the body for a few rods, but the close pursuit obliged them to drop it.

A new horror awaited them as they entered the cabin. The demons had already been there. The oldest child was dead on the floor, its head almost severed from the body, and the youngest had been carried away. Two Indians were still in the house, making preparations to burn it. One made a safe escape, but the other was shot down by Mrs. Ebberts as he cleared the doorstep. There was no time to remember the scalped and mutilated bodies in the forest. The Indians were at the door almost before the dark body at the step had ceased quivering.

It was a stout cabin, having more strength than convenience. Logs and roof were not yet seasoned enough to burn, and the single window was protected by a heavy blind. The red skins knew that there were only two women in the house, and they dashed at it and swarmed around it as wolves would surround a helpless dog.

"Mrs. Hutley was as pale as death and her hand trembled as she headed the rifle, but her eyes shone like fire and she bit her lips until the blood came. I suppose I was half crazed, for I wanted to open the door and fight the whole band."

Thus says the survivor, whose story of the terrible affair is as clear as the page of a book. The excitement was too great for the women to plan a defence, but both understood that the Indians must be beaten off. There were two loopholes in the door and others in the walls. While the savages were massing against the door two of them were badly wounded within, and, soon thereafter one was killed from a loophole in the wall. Discovering that they had perilous work on hand the Indians drew off and took cover behind logs, stumps and trees, and for an hour they fired at the loopholes, hoping that a chance shot might kill or wound. Their bullets were simply thrown away, and the effort to fire the roof was time spent for nothing.

All day long the siege was maintained, and when darkness fell the women realized that it was to be the longest night of their lives. A child dead in the cabin, another carried away, a husband and two children dead in the woods, and the little clearing was alive with human devils seeking the blood of the two desperate defenders. Says Mrs. Ebberts:

"My nerves were strung up till I felt every minute as if I must toss up my arms and scream out to relieve the agony of my heart, and Mrs. Hutley was suffering just as badly. At one time she would be wailing and sobbing over the poor dead body on the floor, and then again she would stand at one of the loopholes, her face so white that I could see it through the darkness. It was as still as death outside until about ten o'clock. We were not off guard at all, but were beginning to hope that the savages had left, when we heard them on the roof. At the same moment they plugged up all the loopholes with sticks cut for the purpose. I drove those plugs out with the ax, while Mrs. Hutley watched the roof. She fired as the Indians made an opening, and we heard a scream of pain. There were no further demonstrations until an hour before daylight, though we heard the wretches creeping around the cabin.

"As the night was wearing away they brought up a log and battered in the door. We had warning and were ready. As the Indians rushed into the opening we both fired. They came in faster and thicker, but Mrs. Hutley went at them with the ax and I with the knife, and we drove them out. It was all over in a minute. I remember the shouts and yells; they got hold of me; I heard the ax chopping at them and then we were alone again."

At daylight the Indians drew off, warned that aid for the women was at hand. Hutley never reached the settlement for which he started. Weeks afterward his dead body was found in the woods, while his scalp ornamented some warrior's dress. The heroines were rendered childless and widowed in one day, for the child carried away has never been heard of, and while one received a slash across the face in the terrible fight to clear the cabin the other was wounded by a bullet at the same moment.

They came to Detroit years ago to be near friends, but long ago Mrs. Hutley became crazed with grief, and for years Mrs. Ebberts has been a nervous wreck, starting up in alarm at the slightest sound and unable to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time. During the last five years of her life Mrs. Hutley wandered up and down searching for her child and stopping pedestrians to ask for her husband, and tears came to the eyes of strangers as they saw the poor wreck at the gate and heard her call:

"Come back, Mrs. Ebberts! Come back and I'll ask your forgiveness!"

WONDERS OF THE WATERS.—Among the most wonderful fish to be found in the world is the blind Proteus, which is found only in the subterranean lakes of Krain, in Austria. Six fine specimens of this creature have just been received at the Aquarium in New York, with a consignment of submarine wonders from Europe, and with proper care it is hoped they will live for a considerable time. In color they are a yellowish pink, which, however, on exposure to the light, becomes mottled and subsequently turns to a dark brown. They have long flat heads and four short slender, legs, the four feet ending in two mailless toes and the hind feet in three. Strange to say, coming as they do out of utter darkness, the creatures have eyes. They are small, however, and are ordinarily completely hidden beneath the skin. Somewhat similar to these fish is the Mexican Axoloth, another strange creature just received. "Lang Tsing Yee" is the name of a beautifully colored fish, two specimens of which have just been sent from China. These are of a bright golden yellow, tipped on the fins with black, and they have each four lace-like tails.

SAGACIOUS.—While we detest rats as a race, it must be admitted that they are very intelligent. They will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of the house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first pushing them up on its hind legs and the second lifting them with its fore legs. They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dip in their long tails and repeat the manœuvre until they have consumed every drop. We have found lumps of sugar in deep drawers at a distance of thirty feet from the place where the petty larceny was committed; and a friend saw a rat mount a table on which a drum of figs were placed and straightway tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of expectant brethern sat watching for the windfall.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

A dozen—journalists, hunters, Indian-fighters and miners—sat around a campfire on the trail to Deadwood. Soft flakes of snow sailed in eccentric courses through the night air, and finally settled down into the sputtering fire or upon the cold earth.

There were other men on the trail before and behind. Men rush wherever the precious metal is discovered. There were broken wagons, dead horses and human skeletons along every mile of the trail, and fierce-eyed Indians looked out from every ravine and down upon travelers from every hill.

The dozen gathered closer as darkness shut down and the snow flakes came faster, and by and by an old man with grizzly locks and piercing eye said, as if speaking to himself:

"Custer went in to kill. It was an awful thing to do—to rush three hundred men down upon five thousand reds—but he did it, and meant to win. No other man will ever take such chances."

And yet one was near by who meant to take greater chances. So cat-like was his step that he had almost entered camp before the sentinels saw him. He was a giant in size, and, as he halted where the light of the fire shone full in his face, three or four men uttered exclamations of surprise and horror. There was blood on the stranger's face—blood on his great rough hands—blood over his clothing clear down to his boots. It was a terrible sight, and yet, as if something further was needed, the stranger turned his back to the men, and they saw that an attempt had been made to scalp him. "Water—food!" he whispered as he looked from face to face.

Both were given him, and after drinking a full quart of water he grasped a loaf of bread and a hunk of meat, and tore them with his teeth as a wolf would have done. By and by, when his hunger had been somewhat appeased, he said:

"It happened off this way, nigh to twenty miles. I lost the trail somehow, and the Injuns swooped down on me at noon to-day. The old woman and five children were in the wagon. There were forty or fifty reds, and it wasn't three minutes before the hull family was dead—all but me!"

His eyes blazed with fury; he seemed to grow in height, and, casting the remnants of the food into the fire, he fiercely shouted:

"Think of the old woman having her brains beaten out by the fiends! Think of the children being hauled out'n a wagon and scalped and stabbed and their throats cut from ear to ear! Come on—come with me!"

He leaped over the fire and bounded away into the darkness, but presently returned and said in a calmer voice:

"I fit, of course. It was which for who, but they were fifty to one. I drove 'em from the corpses. I clubbed 'em off with my rifle, but they were too many. They shot and stabbed me; they run me to the hills; they have hunted me all the after noon."

The giant trembled like a leaf, and the fresh blood ran from his wounds and trickled down in red paths over his neck and cheeks and clothing. The leader of the party tried to soothe him, promising aid as soon as daylight came, but the stranger waved his arms and cried out:

"What can you do? The wolves are feeding on my wife and children to night; their scalps are back in the hills with the Indians! Can you bring life back to them? Give me a gun and an ax!"

No one moved for two or three seconds, being spell-bound by his wild look and words, and the stranger picked up a cavalry carbine and its box of cartridges, seized the light ax used about the camp-fire, and in another minute was lost sight of in the darkness, calling back, as his step was lost to hearing: "It is which for who!"

Next day, about mid afternoon, the party came upon two dead Indian ponies, lying between the trail and the foot-hills to the right. A few yards further on was a great stain of blood on the two inches of snow covering the grass. A warrior had fallen here and been carried off by his comrades. There was the trail of a white man on foot, heading for the foot-hills, but moving slowly, and there were plain traces that the man had halted every few rods to use his weapons. All along the trail were the hoof tracks of ponies and an old hunter shook his head and said:

"It is the man who left our camp last night. Back thar is whar the reds first sighted him, and he stood in his tracks and killed two ponies and one Injun. There was a gang of forty or fifty reds, and the white man moved to git among the hills and have fair play. Just look thar!"

Fifteen or twenty rods ahead were three dead ponies, lying close together. The band of redskins had made a charge upon the lone man at this point, and he had met them bravely. The snow told everything. Standing in his tracks, and not lifting a foot, except to wheel around, he had whipped the whole gang! There were three dead ponies within a hundred feet of the white man's position, and again the snow was crimsoned with two great patches of blood where the warriors had fallen.

"Great God! but how he fit!" whispered the old hunter, as he saw how the snow had been trampled down; "but they wounded him here."

So they had. He had retreated slowly, seeming to have no fear, and along his trail was a track of blood. The first hills were a mile away, and straight for the hills ran the blood path through the snow. There was no sound of conflict—no red demons in sight. "Which for who" had met them early in the morning, and the tragedy had been played before the sun was two hours old. Again, between the three dead ponies and the first hill the white man had been charged by the full band. They had circled around him and then charged at a common center. One lone man, armed with a carbine and an ax, was that center. Thirty, forty, perhaps fifty to one and yet he had not weakened in the least. On the right was a dead pony, on the left two crimson spots in the snow. Ahead toward the hill a horse had fallen and struggled up, and half a dozen trails of blood could be counted. The Indians had given away, and at a slow pace the white man had resumed his journey.

"You will see a sight to make your flesh crawl, over in the hills," whispered the hunter, and the party slowly advanced.

The lone man had not hurried his pace. The yelling, howling, whooping redskins galloping around him, firing upon him and sure of his scalp, had not shaken his nerve. Over the hill, across a little valley, up a ravine, and there was the end. The white man could go no further, and there he stood at bay.

"May the Lord have mercy on him!" gasped a miner, as the little band looked over the field of battle. There were dead and wounded ponies; there were blood patches on the snow and four Indians, stark and stiff, were lying at one side, the survivors not having horses enough to carry off all their dead.

At the head of the ravine the snow had scarcely a color except red. The redskins had charged in a body, and, dropping his carbine when the last cartridge was gone, the lone man had used his ax with awful effect. They had shot him and struck him with their tomahawks, and when life went out he had more wounds than could be counted. There he lay, the ax still clutched with giant's grip, his eyes wide open, his body covered with wounds, and before him was a record to prove a more terrible fight than Custer's. He had fought fifty men single-handed. He had driven them back again and again, and a dozen lives had been taken for his one. "Which for who," he had said, and "who" had won, but it was not a victory for the red men to boast over. When they rode out of the valley every horse had a double burden of living and dead, and yet some had to be left behind.

The party could not dig up the frozen ground to give the brave man burial.—Fifty miles away the gaunt wolves were tearing at the bodies of wife and children. As the party turned away from the horrible sight, gaunt wolves crept down to strip these bones also. They rushed from corpse to corpse, gnashing their yellow fangs, and before the sun went down another record of the plains and hills was hidden from the sight of the traveler.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

MORE DOG STORIES.—The Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph* of recent date contains the following:

Some time in October, while one of Mr. James Andrews' little boys was playing near the mill stream, in North Paris, he lost his footing and fell into the water beyond his depth, and the strong current was carrying him rapidly down the stream, when Mr. Andrews' large Newfoundland dog, observing the situation, plunged into the water, swam out into the stream, and caught the little boy and brought him ashore.

In a town in New Hampshire, a dog for years accompanied the children of the family to school, and he kept up his attendance long after the children had outgrown school going. The dog was perfectly quiet, giving neither teacher nor children trouble. The terms of school averaged about ten weeks. Last year the term was prolonged two weeks. The dog left at the end of ten weeks and though frequently passing the school house, he never entered the room after he left; but he always had a puzzled expression on his face as he looked at the children coming out.

A dog in this village seeing his master's horse and wagon come home with no one in charge, put out at a tremendous gait until he found his master. When discovered by passers-by, the dog was doing his best in the way of punching and pulling at his master's coat collar to induce him to sit erect on the ground—a work of some difficulty at the moment—a fact which the dog appeared to realize as well as the passers by.

"Floss," when told to jump into the buggy or sleigh, looks to see if the way is clear; if the robe hangs over the side or any other incumbrance appears, he turns to his master, and makes no jump until everything is clear for him. But, stranger still, if the whip is taken from the socket, with indications that a sharp blow is to be given, he seizes the stock in his mouth and holds on, and this he has done repeatedly, growling or barking at times. That's instinct, is it?

The Troy *Times* relates the following as having occurred at Glen's Falls: "A lamp exploded on South street a few nights since, and at the cry of fire the trained dog of the Cunningham hose company seized the bell rope of the engine house and rang an alarm, which reached the police. The fire was extinguished with small damage."

ROBBERY AND RESTITUTION.—The still, small voice of conscience sometimes proves more potent in revealing crime than the most shrewd and expert detectives. Such at least was the case in a recent revelation, which, for the many romantic incidents abounding in it, has seldom been equaled. About ten years ago a young man named C. C. Martin was employed by W. & J. Harper & Co., of Philadelphia, to negotiate for the purchase of some land near Pithole City. He was entrusted with $20,000 to buy the land with, and he went to that city and put up at the principal hotel. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Estella Warren, the wife of the bartender, and shortly afterwards eloped with her, taking with him the money. Every effort to find the unfaithful wife and the shrewd schemer was without success. Time wore on, and two members of the firm died, leaving William Harper the only surviving partner. The great panic of 1873 swept the fortune of the latter away, leaving him a bankrupt. He gradually drifted to Forest county, where he made his permanent residence. In the early part of last month Mr. Harper received a letter from the long-missing agent, dated San Francisco. Martin promised to refund the $20,000, with interest, with the proviso that he should be given immunity from arrest. In consequence of this letter Mr. Harper went to the Golden City, and following out the directions given in the letter he found Martin and Mrs. Warren luxuriously quartered in an aristocratic part of the city. Martin's propositions were accepted by Mr. Harper, and he received $26,000 and expenses. Mr. Harper inquired of Martin where he had gone when he left Pithole. He said that he went to Peru, where he invested a portion of his ill-gotten gains in the mining business. By saving this money he accumulated a fortune of over $2,000,000, and finally took up his residence in San Francisco. Mrs. Warren has borne Martin one child, who is blind and ten years of age. When he absconded with the woman he left a wife and several children in Maryland, but he has since provided for them.

IT COSTS less than a cent a day to take a weekly paper; less than a diligent hen would earn in a month at the market price of eggs: less than one cigar a week, and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized Christmas turkey. A penny a day can be saved in many a better way than stopping your paper.

Dead Eyes that Bear Witness.

There is a well worn story of the conviction of a murderer having been attained by the circumstance that a recognizable image or likeness was found impressed upon the victim's eye, after death. The story has been variously told. One version places the occurrence in Lisbon, France; another, in England. It was probably invented about the time that daguerreotypes came into use; and was perhaps suggested by the fact that a small picture of whatever the eye is looking at is formed in the centre of the eye and is plainly visible to other eyes. As the story is told in one way, a daguerreotype was taken of the victim, and the image of the murderer was found in the eye by a painter who was making a picture of the murdered man and had occasion to study the daguerreotype under high magnifying power. Another version makes the image found that of a friend who bent over the victim when expiring; the friend is of course arrested as the murderer, and thus the plot gains variety. The notion that such an image in the eye could remain fixed after death must certainly have seemed plausible to romancers, or they would not have rung so many changes upon it. Perhaps, however, most readers dismissed it fom their minds as absurd.

But the conceptions of fancy in one age often become the facts of discovery in another. Within a few weeks a patient German has announced and exhibited some startling experiments that bring the eye-picture story fully within the limits of possibility. Dr. W. Kuhne, professor of physiology in the university of Heidelberg, has been carefully reviewing and extending a discovery of Dr. Boll, now of Rome. Dr. Boll had found that the external layer of the retina of the eyes possesses in life a beautiful purple color. This color is perpetually destroyed and renewed while the eye is doing work. Dr. Kuhne found that light was the agent by which the purple is destroyed; while the animal is alive the color is quickly restored by the secretive action of the neighboring tissues. The next discovery was that only certain kinds of light have the power of discharging the color. If kept in other kinds of light, such for instance as is obtained by burning a mixture of soda and alcohol, the purple color remains unaltered, even after death. Finally, Dr. Kuhne found chemical reagents that would fix the color. Now came the cro aning experiment. He fastened a rabbit so that one of its eyes was for three minutes exposed to the light from an open window-shutter. Then he instantly decapitated the rabbit and put the eye in suitable pickle. Two minutes after the decapitation the other eye was similarly exposed to light, and it too was afterward pickled. The next morning both eyes showed a sharply defined image of the square of light, surrounded by a deep rose-tint. The image in the second eye was some what the sharper and the whiter of the two. Prof. Bunsen was present and witnessed this marvelous experiment.

HOW BROWN MANAGED IT.—"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is the principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they had better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first rate. The young folks begin to pitch into each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage."

THE CARDIFF GIANT OUTDONE.—The Troy *Whig* comes to the front with the following weighty story: A legal gentleman of Troy furnishes an account from a Michigan friend of the discovery of the skeleton of an animal in Eaton county, Mich., of such immense proportions that the Cardiff giant of Onondago county, in our own State, sinks into the merest pigmy in comparison. We append the description of the monster: The thigh bones weigh 38 pounds each, are 3 feet 8 inches long and 2 feet 10 inches around at one end and 2 feet around at the other end. The fore leg bone, from the knee to feet, weighs 22 pounds. The first section of the neck bone, back of skull, weighs 14 pounds; the largest tooth weighs 8 pounds, the ribs are 4 feet and 7 inches long, the shoulder blade is 2 feet and 10 inches long and all the others in proportion. There are 30 pieces of back bone. Taken together it is the most complete skeleton of the kind in the known world. It is estimated that the animal when alive was no less than from 17 to 20 times as large as an ox weighing 1,700 pounds, making the weight of the animal over 15 tons.

IT has often been said that the establishment of hospitals was the peculiar work of the Christian Church, and that no heathen nation has ever made such provision. When China was opened to the world, about thirty years ago, the first American visitors spoke of finding native hospitals there, inferring that the Christain Church had been mistaken. But it now appears that venerable as these institutions are, they are really of Christian origin, having been founded by the early Roman Catholic missionaries to that island.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - March 16, 1877.

FOR reasons which we will state next week, Mr. Hayes designs calling an extra session of Congress, to meet about the 1st of June.

AMONG the bills which passed the House at Harrisburg, on second reading, on Monday last, was an act to ascertain and apportion fees to be received by Sheriffs, Coroners, Prothonotaries, and Recorders. This bill provides for a reduction of about thirty per cent. in the fees of county officers. It was amended by Mr. Graham, of Allegheny, so as not to refer to counties containing over 150,000 inhabitants, and the amendment was agreed to.

IT is reported of the somewhat notorious Bob Ingersoll, of Illinois, a Hayes stump speaker in the last campaign, that when he heard the names of the members of Hayes' cabinet read in the Senate, he remarked to John A. Logan that "it took Andy Johnson almost a year to produce a very large break in the Republican party, but Hayes has succeeded in doing the same thing in just forty-eight hours after his inauguration. To what party, Logan, do you and myself now belong?" Logan's reply is not given.

THAT pure and virtuous Michigan patriot, Zach Chandler, is said to have sworn like the army in Flanders when Hayes, without even consulting Zachariah, nominated a red-headed Dutchman, named Carl Schurz, as his successor in the Interior Department. Morton said on the same occasion that Schurz was a true-blue Hessian, and would fight for whichever political party paid him the best. We are not a very great admirer of Carl Schurz, but when contrasted with Chandler and Morton he is, as to either of them, as Hyperion to a Satyr.

IT is singular, but true, that several cargoes of potatoes from Ireland have recently been received at New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The high price of potatoes in these cities, owing to the shortness of the crop last season in many sections of the United States, admits of their shipment from Ireland at a handsome profit. Wonders will never cease, for while Ireland is sending potatoes to this country, we are weekly shipping to beef-eating England hundreds of tons of prime, fat and delicious beef, which is pronounced superior to the article produced in that country. Suppose a few of our Irish friends here club together and send to Philadelphia for a barrel of these potatoes, from their native land.—Nothing we are sure would revive their love for the Green Isle more strongly than to have potatoes on their tables that were raised on the "old sod."

WHEN Hayes sent in his cabinet nominations to the Senate there was a vast amount of bluster and ill-temper exhibited by Cameron, Morton, and a few others of the same stripe, and it was thought that at least Evarts, Schurz and Key would probably fail of confirmation. On Thursday last, however, Sherman was confirmed by a small majority, and as was right and proper, not a single Democrat voted for him. On Saturday the remaining members were also confirmed, the Democrats, with two or three exceptions, voting for them, while a large number of Republicans refused to vote. The Democratic Senators could have rejected Evarts, Schurz and Key by uniting with *ten* Republicans who were ready to vote against them. But the Democrats of the Senate declined to be a party to any factious opposition to their confirmation. They were in little sympathy with Hayes, but less with the desperate men who fraudulently manipulated the vote of Louisiana and Florida in favor of the usurper and thus secured his accession to the Presidency.

THE Altoona *Radical* of last week assumes that *four* State officers must be elected at the next November election in Pennsylvania, viz: State Treasurer, Auditor General, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Judge of the Supreme Court. The *Radical* is in error as regards Secretary of Internal Affairs. The new constitution fixes the term of that officer at *four* years, and as General M'Candless, the present incumbent, was elected in 1874, his successor cannot be chosen until November, 1878. The *Radical* expresses a wish for the nomination of "some good man" from the northwestern portion of the State for the office referred to. Its "good man"—a Republican of course—must possess his soul in patience, for the constitution of the State cannot be dispensed with for the accommodation of any ambitious Republican, from the *northwest* or any other portion of the commonwealth, who desires to *bull-doze* General M'Candless out of a full year of his term of office.

IT is stated from Washington, on what seems to be reliable authority, that in speaking of the immense horde of ravenous office-seekers from all points of the compass who daily beslege the White House, Mr. Hayes has intimated that he has no disposition to make changes where the present incumbents have been faithful in the discharge of their official duties. This declaration, if true, comes like a clap of thunder on a clear day from a cloudless sky, and will cause weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, from Maine to Oregon, among that countless army of Republican patriots who are ambitious of serving their country—in an office. If Hayes intends to adopt this policy, it was entirely unnecessary for him to say in his inaugural address that he was committed to a *single* Presidential term, for the plain reason that there could never be a *second one* for him. We are inclined to believe, however, that the truth of the

ON last Monday evening, Governor Hartranft sent a communication to the Senate and House of Representatives, informing them that a vacancy existed in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States, by reason of the resignation of Hon. Simon Cameron. It appears that Cameron determined upon this retreat from the Senate as soon as he became satisfied, as he did in a few hours after Hayes arrived in Washington, that there was not the ghost of a chance for the retention of his son, J. Don Cameron, as Secretary of War. To effect that cherished purpose he had exhausted all his well known personal energy and political cunning, only to meet with a most signal and crushing defeat. He was determined however, that if he relinquished his seat in the Senate, his son should occupy it. He therefore wrote his ressgnation addressed to Hartranft, and giving it to Don, sent him to Harrisburg last Saturday, instructing him that Hartranft was not to inform the Legislature of the fact until it was first ascertained beyond all doubt that at a caucus of the Republican members Don was certain of securing the nomination. On Monday evening the Governor, having been assured that everything was lovely and that the ball might be set in motion, sent the communication to the Legislature as already indicated. The caucus was held on Tuesday at 1 P. M., and on the first ballot Don Cameron received 132 votes and Morton McMichael 1. Both houses will meet in joint convention next Wednesday, when the action of the caucus will be ratified by Cameron's election. As Simon and his son literally own nearly every Republican member of the Legislature, there will be no *bolting* allowed, or at least not enough to create serious alarm. We would like to say more on this strange movement, but want of space compels us to defer doing so until next week.

No former President ever constituted a cabinet out of such discordant and jarring material as the one with which Hayes has surrounded himself. A leading Republican paper in Pittsburgh declares that it is fearfully and wonderfully made. Look at it. Secretary of State, Wm. M. Evarts, at one time Attorney General under Andrew Johnson; in 1872 the bitter foe of Grant's policy towards the Southern States, and in 1874 the open supporter of Tilden against General Dix for Governor of New York. For Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, who in 1872 was the father of the movement that nominated Greeley at Cincinnati, and who in the Senate was the bitter enemy of Grant's administration. For Attorney General, Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, who, like Evarts, opposed Grant's revolutionary schemes in the Southern States, was once the Democratic candidate for Governor of his own State, and supported Gaston (Democrat) for the same office. For Post Master General, David M. Key, of Tennessee, a confederate colonel, and who spoke and voted for Tilden. The remaining three members of this variegated cabinet, Sherman, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury, R. W. Thompson, of Indiana, Secretary of the Navy, and George W. McCrary, of Iowa, Secretary of War, have always been straight-out Republicans.—Can such a motly set of cabinet ministers work together in harmony? That is a problem yet to be solved, but the strong presumption is, that the whole patched up concern will fall to pieces long before Congress assembles in December next.

LOYAL Republicans seem to be pleased at the idea of Hayes putting a Tennessee Democrat and an ex-rebel colonel, David M. Key, at the head of the Post Office Department, to supervize and dispense its tremendous patronage, which reaches into every nook and corner of every State and Territory of the Union. If Samuel J. Tilden had been declared President, as every dictate of justice and honesty demanded that he should have been, one universal howl of indignation would have resounded throughout the Republican camp if he had proposed such a thing. But as Hayes, and not Tilden, has done it, it is altogether lovely, and Key is a marvellously proper man for the place. Mr. Key declared last December, in the Senate of the United States, that Tilden and Hendricks, for whom he had voted, had been honestly elected. From his own belief, as expressed in December, it follows as plainly as the night follows the day, that he did *not* believe that Hayes and Wheeler had been elected. Mr. Key therefore has placed himself in the unenviable and self-stultifying position of accepting a cabinet appointment from a man who, according to his own belief, was fraudulently counted into office. If he was honest in his opinion in December, he became a servile worshipper at the footstool of power in March.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, of Philadelphia, a gentleman who has already become famous the world over in connection with the greatest clothing enterprises this country has ever known, to say nothing of his well-established reputation as a philanthropist and a man of indomitable energy and perseverence, has just accomplished another masterly feat in the opening on Monday last, at Thirteenth and Market streets, in that city, of the largest dry goods depot on the continent, and to which, as we learn from the Phila. *Times*, no less than seventy thousand visitors and customers flocked on the above mentioned occasion. Great is Wanamaker, and small indeed are his profits, though immense his sales and huge in the aggregate the returns therefrom.

THE State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., has just closed a prosperous winter session. It will reopen April 2, for a summer term; and the prospects for a large and interesting session are very favorable. This school is situated four miles southwest of Lancaster, a street railway connecting the two places. Notwithstanding the present financial depression, this school is as prosperous as ever. Its prosperity

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1877.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

As several versions of alleged differences in the recent Senate caucus have been put in circulation, it may be proper to give the facts. The question was as to what should be the status of the Democratic Senators toward Gov. Hayes as the occupant of the White House. Some advocated that there should be a systematic resolve to abstain from all personal intercourse with Hayes, or from any action which could be construed to recognize him as the rightful occupant of the White House. This gave rise to a lengthy and excited discussion which indicated a profitless result. A motion was then made to limit the debate. Judge Thurman, who had been doing a good deal of talking, took umbrage at this and denounced it as an attempt to gag. The Senator who had made the motion thereupon withdrew it, but another Senator, who had just come in, renewed it and it was carried, to the great disgust of Judge Thurman, who does not like to be cut off in his remarks. After this a Northern Democratic Senator intimated that the old-line Whigs of the South would be captured by the "loaves and fishes" and sell out the Democracy. This brought to their feet in indignant contradiction a half dozen of the Southern Senators who, in ante-bellum days, were classed as old-line Whigs. They resented any intimation of want of fidelity to the Democratic party by those with whom they had been allied, whereupon the subject dropped. The caucus did not arrive at any formal decision as to what would be the relations between the Democratic Senators and the occupant of the White House, as it was thought perhaps more proper and expedient that the determination of such a question should be left to individual opinion and judgment. So far, however, with but a single exception, the circumstances of which are such that it can scarcely be so denominated, no Democratic Senator has put his foot inside the portals of the White House since the fourth of March.

DON CAMERON'S DOWNFALL.

Had Gov. Hayes been disposed, for personal reasons, to retain Don Cameron in the cabinet, he would have found such retention incompatible with the carrying out of his new Southern policy. Don took the most decided stand of any member of Gen. Grant's cabinet against the slightest relaxation of the federal grip on the South, and even declined to sign the modified orders sent by Grant's direction to Gen. Augur. Hayes was made acquainted with these facts, and realizing the necessity of his cabinet being a unit in accord with himself, he withstood the immense pressure brought to bear on him by the Cameron interest.

CARL SCHURZ

has stated that his administration of the Interior Department would be that of the utmost impartiality, and that while he should aim to carry out the true principles of civil service reform, he had no grudge against any of the appointees of Zach. Chandler; but from the manner and style of this remark we look for a cleaning out of the many rings in that Department, particularly so since he was pleased to add that he would have no conflict with machine politicians, as he did not propose to run a muck with them.

THE KELLOGG CONTEST.

At a caucus of Republican Senators, held at the Ebbitt House, a disposition was shown to drop the Kellogg matter until the next session. The continued illness of Edmunds and the uncertain attitude of Conkling on this question make it very doubtful whether the Senate will agree to stay in session solely for the consideration of Kellogg's case, or whether, if the question comes to the vote now, Kellogg will get his seat. If Morton sees a fair prospect of succeeding, he will undoubtedly try to dispose of the matter at once, but just now he finds little to encourage him.

GARFIELD,

at the request of Hayes, has concluded to remain in the House instead of going for the Senate, thinking that he can be more useful to the administration of his Fraudulency where he now is.

THE ODIUM JUDGES

of the so called Supreme Court of the United States will make their official call on Returning Board Hayes to-day at the White House. Justice Field will not accompany them, as he went to New York, and Justice Clifford has not signified whether he will be of the party or not.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CHURCH.

Quite an exciting contest is being carried on between Parson Newman's Metropolitan congregation and that of the Foundry M. E. Church, as to which will have the society of his Fraudulency and family at their particular synagogue. The thing is becoming so heated that we expect chromos of the Returning Board will be offered as an extra inducement. A delegation from the Metropolitan, where for eight years Grant said his little *pater noster*, waited on his Fraudulency and renewed the invitation made to him by letter, and esrnestly pressed it on his acceptance. There were brought to the attention of his Fraudulency the claims of other churches besides that of the Methodist denomination. This church bidding for the visits and attendance of a man who went into the White House under a cloud of rascality doesn't speak well for the morals of the Christian community.

A BIG HAUL OF RADICALS.

Among the persons arrested in a gambling house on Saturday night last by the police were ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Sawyer, a prominent radical Judge of South Carolina, an ex-U. S. Senator, and any number of radical ex-members of Congress, revelling in their ill-gotten gains, plundered doubtless from the Government. They were taken to the station house and discharged yesterday (Sunday) morning, upon leaving collateral security to appear at the police court this morning and answer for their crime.

PACKARD'S

pronunciamento that he "will be Governor or nothing" seems well founded. He claims to be the first already, and no one will be so bold as to deny his qualifications for the latter.

THE CABINET CONFIRMATIONS.

The confirmation by the Senate of every man nominated by Hayes, with such limited dissent as finally appears on the part of either political party, is an encouraging triumph for the liberal policy of the new administration. The old "Senatorial clique," reinforced by Blaine, have been taught that they can no longer run the government, and it is rather amusing to read now in our local press of the sunstroke Senator (Blaine), dining with Messrs. Evarts and Schurz, and laughing over the matter, as if his recent performance in the Senate was only a joke. The "amiable stubbornness" of Hayes has proved too much for the unamiable and factious demeanor of Blaine, Cameron & Co. We are inclined to think that the Senate is too deep water for vessels of the light draft of Blaine, who went up like a rocket and came down like the stick. The real cause of his grievance was that he was not tendered a cabinet position. The country wants peace between the sections and an honest and elevated tone in government administration above all things.

carry out mischievous purposes, have so far been disappointed, and furnish another illustration that "the wicked have digged a pit and fallen into the midst of it themselves." ANDERSON.

A TOUCHING INCIDNET.—A N. Y. *Tribune* reporter tells the following sad story in connection with the recent church disaster in that city:

Mary Coughlin, one of the dead, was the wife of William Coughlin, merchant tailor. She was born in Queens county, Ireland, and came to this country about 8 years since. James Coughlin, one of the sons who came to the door when the reporter rang the bell, said that his mother was 68 years old, and in perfect health she went to the mission at 7:30 o'clock, unattended by any of her family. He had been to the Thirteenth street station house and recognized her. He had subsequently gone for his aged father, and the reporter was present when he led him to the side of the body. It is difficult to describe the absolutely piteous character of the recognition. The man was fully 60—possibly 70 years of age—feeble, and the reporter could not but think feeble-minded. When the old man saw the inanimate form of his wife he sank on his knees at her feet. Not a glance in his eyes betrayed his recognition. Not a tear in his eyes betrayed any affection. Not a movement of any muscle of his face betrayed any emotion. He knelt at her feet—immobile of countenance but not indifferent to the surroundings, for seeing that her disarranged dress exposed her feet and a portion of her legs, he bent forward and drew her dress down so as partly to conceal both. The simplicity and delicacy of the action made more callous hearts turn away. Then, without movement of muscle, without dropping of tear, the old man made the sign of the cross upon his breast, then clasped his hands above, not on his breast, and prayed silently for fully two minutes—a silent, awed crowd looking upon him with mingled feelings of respect and emotion. Then giant Thomas S. Brennan—giant in stature, baby in feeling, woman at heart—approached him and touched the dazed old man on the shoulder. He instantly closed his prayer, made again the sign of the cross, and rose from his knees. As he did so, and as if in answer to some words of consolation which Brennan was evidently blubbering out to him, he said, "When shall I see her again?" Brennan answered instantly, "She will be home when you are there." The old man bent to kiss his hand, but Brennan resisted, and led him to the door, where his son took him in charge and led him away.

A STRANGE SUICIDE.—The suicide of George C. Wheeler, a chemist, living in Dundee, Canada, is one of the strangest ever recorded. He was a hard student, 22 years old, who rarely went into society, but lived by himself, working in a small laboratory by day and watching the stars by night through a small telescope. About six months ago he told his friends that he had made a chemical discovery which would carry his renown to the ends of the earth. The hallucination which took possession of him was that he had succeeded in making a preparation which, when scattered on a dead person, would restore life. Neither the arguments nor jeers of his friends changed this belief. He resolved to kill himself in order to have the efficacy of his resurrection powder tested. In a letter which he wrote on March 3 he says: "My physical atomic state, after the ordeal, I desire shall be taken in charge by Prof. McLouth, of the State Normal School, who, taking a portion of my 'creative, all change ful material assistant,' will scatter a few particles over the dissectay remains, and then place them in the receptacle of my 'galvanic, magnetic electrical power,' when the elements will resolve themselves into a new combination, and I will appear a living evidence of the truth of this new discovery." A large bottle, containing a thin fluid, labeled "creative, all-changeful material assistant," was found beside the letter. The machine used by the young man to accomplish this purpose is a marvel of ingenuity. A stout wooden framework supports a large balance wheel, to which are attached knives, portions of scythes, and an axe-head. Back of this there is a complex arrangement of small wheels and pulleys, all operated by a powerful steel spring. When set in motion the machine is capable of running at a frightful rate of speed for the space of ten minutes. Close by it is a three sided trough in which he must have placed himself after setting the devilish thing in motion. His head, which be laid under the wheel, was mangled beyond recognition. When his body was found his brains were oozing out of a deep cut in the back part of his skull.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.—A panic in the church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, near Sixth avenue, New York, last Thursday night, caused a rush of women from one of the galleries, and in the tumult which ensued six women and one boy were trampled under foot and killed. The congregation was composed entirely of women and children, it being "women's week" in Lent.

The church was terribly crowded, principally by women and children. The galleries also were crowded to overflowing. Father Longeske was preaching the sermon, and had been preaching about ten minutes when a woman went into a hysterical fit in the gallery on the side of the church toward Sixth avenue. This created quite a stir, and the commotion increased in the endeavor to find out what was the matter. At this juncture a cry of fire was heard and a rush was made for the exit from the gallery. The door was blocked for a moment by a very large woman, and this check caused the panic to increase tenfold. The crowd hurled the woman down the steps, and in a moment the passage was choked, and a scene of the wildest confusion and most intense excitement ensued. Father White and several other priests who were in the church parlors at the time the panic occurred, rushed round to the front of the church, and, assisted by patrolmen, by main force dragged out some of the women who were lying on the stairs. The work of extricating the people was then pushed on vigorously, and in a few minutes the church was cleared. Six dead bodies were found at the bottom of the stairs, where they had been trampled to death. One well dressed lady was picked up and taken to a drug store in Sixth avenue, where she shortly afterward expired. Six women and one boy were killed.

—Dubois county, Indiana, has a man who is about seventy-five years old, and who habitually goes barefooted and bare-headed. He is now living with his fifth wife and has twenty-six children, one of whom is an infant in arms. Two of his deceased wives are buried on his farm, and he expresses fears that he will soon have to lay his present spouse by their side. Some months ago he made a visit to his daughter, in Louisville, and scorning all modern modes of travel he walked and carried his hat and shoes in his hand.

—Says Rutherford to Chamberlain,
"The pot begins to bubble,
And if you'll just step down and out
'Twill save me lots of trouble."

Says Chamberlain to Rutherford,
"Since to a common tether

News and Other Notings.

—Forest county has never yet sent a convict to the penitentiary.

—Mrs. Hayes seems to be the right woman, although in the wrong place.

—Bully Blaine had better go slow. This is not the right season for sunstrokes.

—Senator Withers, of Virginia, has eleven daughters. That's what we call a fair count.

—Two boys took their first swim of the season in the Schuylkill river at Phœnixville last week.

—"Ni detnuoe si seyah tub, detcele saw nedlit," says the puzzle department of the Boston *Post*.

—Gen. Grant is the only surviving ex-President of the Republic. He's certainly enough—of the kind.

—The N. Y. *Tribune* says it is not to be disputed that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the best managed of any in this country.

—Mrs. John Welsh was fatally burned by her clothing catching fire at a grate, Sunday night. She resided on the South Side, Pittsburgh.

—Mrs. Jaskar of Augusta killed herself because, being eighty years old and fifty years a widow, she despaired of ever getting another husband.

—Three of Washington's third cousins, the grand children of Warner Washington of Virginia, are now living, old, poor and dependent, in Gordonsville, Ky.

—The Utica *Observer* predicts that in two years both branches of Congress will be in Democratic hands, leaving a fraudulent administration powerless for evil

—A cow belonging to a West Bradford (Chester county) farmer, died last week, and a *post mortem* examination disclosed a hair pin sticking in the animal's heart.

—A lady telegraph operator named Miss Mary Corbett, was blown off a canal bridge at Rockville, Pa., on Friday last, and falling a distance of about twelve feet received severe injuries.

—R. B. Hayes keeps a grocery store on Eighth avenue, New York, and before the next four years are over Rutherford Burchard Hayes will wish more than once that he was that R. B. Hayes.

—The murderer of Josie Langmaid, in New Hampshire, has been convicted a second time for murder in the first degree, and has been sentenced to be hanged on the 5th of March, 1878.

—In the case of Pannel, the wife murderer, who had been on trial at Lancaster for two weeks, the jury on Friday last rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree after deliberating fifteen hours.

—Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool or woolen cloth will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound. No one need die from lockjaw if this simple remedy is resorted to.

—Elder Evans, the leader of the Lebanon Shakers, has started a graveyard on a new plan. The graves are to be twenty feet apart, with a tree planted over each, so that in time there will be a handsome grove.

—A young lady, while attending a revival meeting, at Shamokin, fell in a faint. When she came to her senses, her muscles were in a rigid condition. She has been twice attacked with the same remarkable phenomenon.

—Over 9,000 horses, 643 asses and 35 mules were eaten in France last year. The first horse butchery was established in 1866, and the consumption of this savory meat has increased yearly. The healthy carcass is worth $40.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Davis, of Philadelphia, was seized, on Thursday evening, by a middle-aged ruffian, in the yard attached to her residence, who choked her so that she could not raise an alarm while he rifled her pocket of seventy dollars.

—At Thomasville, N. C., a few days ago, while William Thomas and a Miss Forney were before the altar for the purpose of being married, more than half of the ceremony having been performed, the bride dropped dead, a victim of heart disease.

—Ralph I. Rolland, the Chambersburg bank robber, has been convicted of burglary and sentenced to an imprisonment of eight years in the Eastern Penitentiary. The Grand Jury has found two new bills against him, one for larceny and one for jail breaking.

—Several years ago a man and a woman eloped from Veedersburg, Ind., each leaving a large family. The deserted persons, numbering seventeen, formed a socialistic community, and have since been joined by others, until a large and flourishing society is established.

—Peter H. Penwell and wife, owing to domestic disagreements, took arsenic at Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday, with a view of suicide. The poison failing to cause death, Penwell, with an axe, killed his wife, and then cut his own throat, but not sufficiently to keep him out of jail.

—William F. Spearman was arrested in Oakdale, Mass., Friday morning, while trying to kill his wife. The dead body of his sister, aged 70, was found in a woodshed, terribly hacked by an ax. Speakman was insane from drink and was still drunk when the murder was committed.

—The latest invention to indicate the breaking out of a fire is a quicksilver alarm. When the temperature rises above a certain point a quicksilver thermometer is caused to break, and the quicksilver runs into a dish, where, by its weight, a clockwork is set in motion which operates an alarm bell.

—A Lowell (Mass.) newspaper announced that twins had been born to the wife of John Dixon. Mrs. Dixon, who lived in Lynn, read this news, and was certain that no such thing had happened to her. She went to Lowell, and found the mother of the twins in a second wife of Mr. Dixon. The bigamist was arrested.

—The seventh victim of the panic in St. Francis Xavier's Church, N. Y., has been identified as Maggie Kelly, of Thirtieth street. The terrible nature of that deathly struggle on the staircase, and of the excitement in the gallery, can be imagined by persons not there by the fact that three of the victims died from shock or fright.

—It is said that Mr. Max Strakosch is about to produce a concert, by the aid of the telephone, in the city of New York, while his singers and instruments that make the music are to be in Philadelphia. By this simple device the manager will get his pay from two audiences while his artists will only sing for one and get their pay accordingly.

—The Bloomsburg *Columbian* says: A singular case was tried at Danville last week. An old lady eighty years of age brought suit to recover wages for services, the account having run for about sixty years. On the trial the defendant produced a book in which the account had been kept for fifty-six years. Plaintiff obtained a verdict for $1,500.

—A Salt Lake dispatch of Tuesday last says that snow has been falling in the mountains near there for the last twelve days. On Monday a snow slide occurred near Alta, killing Matthew Ingram and Jared Pratt. There was a cave in the Flagstaff mine, Monday night, covering five men, and killing Henry Johnson. No others were badly hurt.

—Mr. Ezra Z. Griesmer, of Oley township, Berks county, recently performed, with four assistants, the feat of threshing 1,000 sheaves of oats in one hour and thirty-five minutes, including two stoppages. The machine used was an old one built by Mr. Griesmer's father about forty

ANCHORED
AT OAK HALL.

6TH AND MARKET
STILL TO BE HEADQUARTERS FOR
CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
IN THE OLD PLACE AT THE OLD TRADE.

All the best talent, experience and advantages we can command, continued at OAK HALL, to produce the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING for man and boy.

For sixteen years we have lived at the old corner of SIXTH and MARKET, and the business done there has been so satisfactory to the public and ourselves, that we have decided not to change or move the Clothing business away. The people like the place and we like to please the people, and we believe that we can do it better than ever at the old place.

The sales of the past year far surpassed anything we ever dreamed of, and this puts it in our power to start the Spring of 1877 with a STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, and a class of goods so excellent that we are not afraid to follow each sale with our warrantee, or receive back the goods unworn and hand over to the customer the money paid.

The store has been largely refitted, and there never was such a splendid stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing under the roof, nor were we ever able to sell so cheaply. Our word for it, and we are your friends of sixteen years.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
THE OLD PLACE, 6th & Market. PHILADELPHIA.

Knox Fruit Farm and Nurseries.
GREAT OFFERS!
MORE LIBERAL OFFERS WERE NEVER MADE than the following. WE WILL SEND BY MAIL, post paid, SAFE ARRIAGE GUARANTEED.

20 Flowering Plants for $1.00.

3 Verbenas,	1 Canna,	1 Abutilion,
2 Coleus,	1 Salvia,	1 Tuberose,
1 Fuschia,	1 Feverfew,	1 Dahlia,
2 Heliotropes,	2 Chrysanthemums,	2 Basket Plants,
1 Geranium,		1 Ageratum,

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR GROWING.

8 Grape Vines for $1.20.
75 Strawberries, four varieties, for $1.0.
20 Raspberries, " " "
26 Packets Choice Flower Seeds.

See list in Catalogue. Our handsome Catalogue of Fruits, Flowers and Seeds, containing directions for cultivation, will be sent to all free of charge, who send their address.

J. B. GRIMES, Box 115 Pittsburgh, Pa.
S. W. Corner Diamond Alley.

—Tuesday morning last, Michael Morrimon, living at Rock Creek Center, ten miles south of Huntington, Ohio, and who has been in the insane asylum, and was sent home about a year ago, under the impression that he was permanently cured, shot one of his sons, aged 18 years, through the head, fatally wounding him, and another, aged 16 years, through the shoulder, probably fatally wounding him, and also shot and killed himself instantly.

—A woman in Rockport, Massachusetts, who supports her children by hard work, was asked, several days ago, by a fellow-workman in the mill, to aid in making a purse for a "poor woman." She had only sixty cents left to carry her through the month, but she gave twenty-five cents. A little later the person returned and told the woman the purse was meant for her, and handed her twenty-five dollars.

—A chicken on the farm of Frederick Strong, in Montgomery township, Montgomery county, in a fit last week found her way into the old family clock where a loaded gun was stored. The works of the clock had been taken to a clock maker for repairs and the frame work stood open. The chicken in fluttering struck the hammer of the gun and fired it off, the contents entering the ceiling of the room.

—A formidable Canadian scheme for manufacturing lumber is announced in a special telegram to the *World* from Montreal. It says, an English company with $25,000,000 capital is buying up 3,000 square miles of timber limits in Canada and purchasing lumber mills on the Ottawa and Gatineau rivers. Sir John Rose, of Morton, Rose & Co., bankers, of New York and London, is at the head of the company.

—Four years ago, Miss Athers, of Porterville, advertised for a husband. John R. Johnston, of Vermont, responded, and and after a brief acquaintance they were married and Johnston obtained a situation in a bank at Porterville. On Wednesday of last week a former wife of Johnston made her appearance. He acknowledged that he was a married man when he married Miss Athers, and the latter shot herself through the heart and died instantly.

—S. H. Haslett, Democrat, was returned elected a member of the Legislature from Forest county, last November by four votes. Agnew, his opponent, contested the election on the ground that a sufficient number of illegal votes were cast for Haslett to produce the result. The case was heard in the court and a large number of witnesses were examined. The outcome is that Haslett's majority is increased to fifty-four.

—Cardinal Manning has given notice to his clergy that no music taken or adapted from the theatre, the opera or concerts, or which has become familiar through secular usage, shall be sung at mass or benediction or used as voluntaries or interludes, and that the music used shall be as congregational as possible. He has also banished ladies from his choirs so thoroughly that not a female voice is heard in any of the churches under his jurisdiction.

—A curious case is before the Providence courts, which it would require the proverbial wisdom of an Arabian cadi to decide. A Mr. Durfee recently bought an old safe, and left it with a blacksmith to sell, who, on opening it found a roll of bills to the amount of $165 concealed in a crack in the lining. Diligent inquiry failed to find any clue to the ownership of the money, and the question to be settled now is, does the money belong to the owner of the safe, or to the blacksmith by right of discovery.

—William Rock was arrested in Philadelphia on Sunday, charged with having stolen nearly 15,000 fans, screens and other fancy articles from the Japanese bazaar on the centennial grounds. At the close of the exhibition the Japanese merchants employed Rock to remove the exhibits. Instead of taking them to the place designated by the owners he had hauled them to his own residence, and until Sunday the Japanese have been unable to find him or their goods. He was arrested while of-

—There was a singular wedding at Salisbury, Md., recently. The couple, with the minister and friends assembled, when it was ascertained there was no license. The groom stated that he had not the money to get the needed document, and the amount was collected from those present. The clerk had retired to bed, but he issued the license. The ceremony was then performed. A dance was indulged until daylight, when it was ascertained that the groom had no quarters to which to conduct the blushing bride and the clothing he wore on the occasion was borrowed from a friend. They are now with a temporary lodging place, and the honeymoon commenced.

—A. J. Avery has resided in Wayne county, about six or eight years, and was engaged in the mercantile business. He was an excellent family, occupied a high position in society, was a teacher in the Sabbath school, and was considered a respectable man. A little girl in the neighborhood, only fourteen years old, has given birth to a child. The girl is one of the best, in Elk county, and intimate terms with Avery's family, and Avery is the father of the illegitimate having seduced the girl when she was about thirteen years of age, and is guilty of the crime, attempted an abortion on the girl. Avery was arrested by Constable Weiss, of St. Mary's, but escaped from the officer, and is now at large. Avery is six feet 7 inches high, weighs 180 pounds, dark complexion; black hair, moustache and curl; black eyes, upper teeth false, sometimes wears false teeth; he is about three years old. A reward of fifty dollars is offered for his arrest. Papers throughout the country are requested to copy and aid in bringing this scoundrel to justice.

A SUBMARINE VOLCANO.—The Honolulu *Gazette* of February 28 contains an account of a remarkable submarine volcano. It broke in Kealakekaua bay, near the entrance to the harbor. The account says that the eruption occurred at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 24th, appearing as innumerable red, blue and green lights. In the afternoon several boats visited the eruption, cruising over the most active part, where the water was in a state of particular activity, boiling and appearing like passing over rapids, or very much like the water of Hell Gate, New York. The lava two feet square came up from below frequently striking and jarring the boats. As the lava was quite soft no harm was done. Nearly all of the pieces on reaching the surface were red hot, emitting steam and gas, strongly sulphurous. A rumbling noise was heard, like that of waves on a beach, caused no doubt by the meeting of the lava from the submarine crater, which is supposed to be a crack or line of volcanoes extending at least a mile from shore. The other eruptive, doubtless a continuation of the submarine fissure, was traced from shore nearly three miles, ranging in width from a few inches to several feet. In some places water was seen pouring into the abyss below. A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Kaawaloa and Kealakekua during the night of the eruption, which may have preceded the outbreak. It was not severe, but no damage is reported.

WANTS INTEREST.—Twenty years ago a man living in this city lost a wallet containing $60, and a lady living in Chautauqua had the fortune to find the money. She lacked the honesty to return it to the owner, though she knew who he was. Time passed on, the husband of the lady finally prospered and grew rich, the other lost the pocket-book with the money grew poorer and poorer, till the other day the lady found him in this city in actual want. Her conscience pricked her sore, and when she got home she got $65, and took them to the man's family. The family was very grateful, but the man, as soon as he found out who it was that had kept the money so long, immediately instituted suit for interest. We presume the case

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JULY 13, 1877.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—The rain came down in perfect torrents on Monday night last.

—Extra Horse of plenty—forty-three votes in the convention composed of ninety-four delegates.

—Please call for your paper, fret not for the FREEMAN, for next week it's bright, welcome and will not sear, man.

—An Altoona canary bird is credited with a high degree of musical proficiency and disposition to Whistle Yankee Doodle with all the variations.

—Rainer College, at Beaver, Pa., receives students at any stage of advancement. Its prospectus appears to-day. It does honest, faithful work.

—No paper will be issued from this office next week, as the boys want a little recreation and the editor is going off on a big d—

—Two months' old child of James Hoffman, of Franklin borough, fell into a privy vault a few days ago, but was fortunately rescued before any serious results followed.

—Mr. Frank Gurley, a worthy young man of this place, departed on Tuesday last for Red Wing, where he has strong hopes of employment. May success attend him.

—The wandering minstrels from the fair city of Dale made the sweetest music on earth with harp, violin and clarinet, last night, that we have listened to for many a day.

—In enumerating the long list set down in Decatur Court, only a few cases were omitted in the emergency, and as a result the Court adjourned at 1 o'clock on the same day.

—Frank Taylor, of Westmoreland county, broke one leg now, the other having been broken as a sacrifice in a foolish attempt to get off a moving freight train while it was backing on the 4th inst.

—Little Lu is in the race for Prothonotary. Lu is eligible and well deserving, has friends, and hence it is that they are a full way behind the leading candidates throughout the entire contest.

—Cambria could never cease in county affairs as long as Coopersdale borough has a citizen and is entitled to elect men to such bodies, for an intelligent and a good clerk is Wonders. Coopersdale fell on two of the foes on Decoration Day's right foot, at the Cambria Smokestack, Monday evening last, causing them to fracture the bones. The man was taken home and doctored.

—Not a single time in the history of politics, so far as we are aware, has Council received the votes of all the districts north of Ebensburg at the time of Mr. Luckett was the contest.

—Cambria Iron Company is importing Spanish ore at a cost not exceeding $8 per ton. It yields about sixty per cent. metal. It is said that it can be imported from Spain than to bring it from the Lake Superior region.

—Several English and German emigrants from Mormondom passed over the road on Sunday last, and on Tuesday following three car-loads of them, with Utah as their destination, passed over the same thoroughfare.

—Dr. Lee, of Carrolltown, to be obtrusive or anything of that kind, but if anybody asks you what he intends to be a candidate for Register next year, you can answer him that if health and strength continue he will see to it that you are not left.

—The quality of pork and other improper food is enormous and produces all kinds of troubles in innumerable types of humanity, among those of the blood, ex-Pimples, Boils, Sores, etc., all of which yield rapidly and surely to Burdock Blood Mixture.

—The sawmill of Hugh Adams, in Susquehanna township, near the mouth of Muddy Creek, Cambria county, was destroyed by fire, on Monday last, with 75,000 feet of lumber, on last Thursday night. To finish the work of an incendiary, the mill had not been in operation for about three weeks.

—A heavy rain storm, accompanied by a severe thunder storm, visited Huntingdon county, on Monday last. While the storm was at its height a bolt of lightning struck a team of horses becoming frightened at the peals of thunder, ran at a rapid gait, throwing Kelly to the ground and the hind wheels passed over his head, killing him instantly.

—The N. Y. Sun notes as a wonder in the history of the recent dedication of the Court House in Hollidaysburg a that the word is usually taken official to the structure as "built in spite of a complaint of malversation in office, a recollection of duty upon the matter connected with it."

—Thomas Reese, Charles Hawe and Jordan Leighle were arrested in Johnstown charged as being participants in a disturbance held in Benbach's Hall, on Friday night last, during which a man named Fullerton was shot in the leg. The former was held for court and the latter discharged.

—Mrs. Shortencarrier, mother-in-law of Mr. Joseph A. Wertner, of Chest Springs, died very suddenly at the residence of her gentleman on Monday night last. The deceased was in her usual health in the early part of the evening and partook of a hearty supper, but was heard moaning by Mr. Wertner on his return home about 10 o'clock at night from this place, where he had been attending the county convention, and he made haste at once to summon a lady neighbor and from thence went in quest of a physician not occupying, as he thinks, more than ten minutes in all, and when he reached home on his return he found his mother-in-law a corpse. Heart disease, to which we believe she was subject, is supposed to have been the cause of her death. She was an excellent and much beloved lady, and her sudden and unexpected demise has brought sorrow and mourning to many relatives and elicited the earnest sympathies of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. May she rest in peace.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY TAKING POISON.—Mich'l McMullen, a married man residing in Chest township, called at the office of Dr. Noonan, in said township, a few days ago, and asked for some kind of poison to kill mice, with which he alleged his house was literally swarming. The Doctor told him he had an preparation specially designed for that purpose, but recommended carbolic acid as an effective specific for exterminating the pests. McMullen then inquired as to the nature and effect of the drug, and after being fully informed on that subject, bought half an ounce of the poison and started for home, which he had hardly more than time to reach when his wife appeared at the doctor's office greatly agitated and almost out of breath and anxiously inquired what it was that the doctor had given her husband, telling him at the same time that he had swallowed the entire dose. Knowing that delay would not only be dangerous but fatal, the doctor, accompanied by Mr. Charles Laughlin, who was present when McMullen obtained the poison, repaired without delay to the residence of the would-be suicide, whom they found in an attitude of prayer, evidently intent upon making his peace, if possible, with God. The doctor endeavored to induce the unfortunate man to take an emetic which he had brought with him, but finding that impossible he and the gentleman who accompanied him resorted to force and compelled the patient to swallow the noxious drug, which soon brought an answer in shape of copious vomiting, which of course relieved his stomach of the fatal draught and saved the misguided man from a horrible death, though he is still suffering to some extent from the effects of the poison. What induced this deplorable attempt at self-murder is not known to a certainty, but the fact that McMullen, who is a carpenter by trade and had recently removed to the neighborhood under the impression if not assurance that work was plenty, found it impossible to obtain employment and that he was indulging to excess in intoxicating liquors, no doubt had much if not everything to do with it.

BAROSMA is a stimulant, diuretic, antispasmodic and tonic; is pleasant to the taste and can be used in all cases with safety. It is given chiefly in complaints attended with an increased flow of uric acid, for gravel, catarrh of the bladder, morbid irritation of that organ, for retention or incontinence of urine. Also in cutaneous affections and dropsy. It is prepared by E. K. Thompson, wholesale druggist, Titusville, Pa. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.—In pursuance of the call of the Chairman of the County Committee, the delegates elected in the several districts of the county on Saturday last assembled at the Court House at 1 o'clock, P. M. on Monday, and were called to order by L. D. Woodruff, the chairman aforesaid, who delivered a brief and appropriate address in which he paid a well merited compliment to the past record of the Democratic party of Cambria county, and not only reclaimed that Tilden and Hendricks had been fairly elected, but that the Democracy of the Union would march steadily forward to triumph in 1880.

J. W. Wonders, Thomas D. Myers and Martin F. Kelly were then elected temporary Secretaries, after which the credentials of delegates were called for when the fact was disclosed that the only contest for a seat in the convention was between John Furlong and Bernard Kearney, of Franklin borough, both of whom had received the same number of votes at the delegate election.

The next business in order being the election of a permanent chairman of the convention, John Hannan, of Johnstown, and D. W. Luke, of Croyle township, were nominated, and upon a ballot being taken, Mr. Hannan was elected by a vote of 58 to 34 for Mr. Luke. On motion, the temporary Secretaries were continued as permanent officers of the convention.

On motion, the chair appointed J. W. Seigh, J. A. McKinney, M. McDonald, S. A. M'Gough and Michael Kenney a committee to decide the contested seat from Franklin borough. After a short absence the committee returned with a report signed by four of its members in favor of Mr. Furlong. The report was thereupon adopted by the convention, the committee discharged, and Mr. Furlong took his seat.

The following is a full

LIST OF DELEGATES.

Adams Twp.—John F. Stull, Jacob Shank.
Allegheny Twp.—Jos. Cramer, F. Rininger.
Barr Twp.—J. Mills, F. A. Kirkpatrick.
Blacklick Twp.—Jos. Mardis, J. Hammond.
Cambria Bor.—Mich'l Sweeny, Jacob Gainor.
Cambria Twp.—Wm. Martz, John C. Farren.
Carrolltown Bor.—Julius Stich, P. L. Eck.
Carroll Twp.—Peter Kane, Chas. Feighner.
Chest Springs Bor.—S. M. Douglass, S. A. McGough.
Chest Twp.—Anthony Anna, G. A. Deitrich.
Clearfield Twp.—John Durbin, Jas. Warthon.
Conemaugh Bor.—Wm. McAnulty, Geo. Stormer, 1st Ward; Joseph Snyder, Michael Quinn, 2d Ward.
Conemaugh Twp.—Bernard Kest, Jeremiah Wagner.
Coopersdale Bor.—J. W. Wonders, D. R. Hess.
Croyle Twp.—D. W. Lake, Peter Brown.
East Conemaugh Bor.—D. Humphreys, John Kinney.
Ebensburg Bor.—Geo. C. K. Zahm, Joseph A. Scully, East Ward; C. R. Myers, John Wherley, West Ward.
Franklin Bor.—T. D. Myers, John Furlong.
Gallitzin Bor.—M. F. Kelly, Frank Burns.
Gallitzin Twp.—W. L. Dawson, D. Trexler.
Jackson Twp.—Christ. Snyder, A. Dunmire.
Johnstown Bor.—John Hannan, J. W. Seigh, 1st Ward; Jas. Walters, John Raab, 2d Ward; John A. McKinney, Andrew Fenlon, 3d Ward; Henry Ludwig, Max Heubach, 4th Ward; Andrew Sarbouis, John Hamilton, 5th Ward; John Swank, Wm. Strauss, 6th Ward.
Loretto Bor.—Morgan McDonald, J. P. Lacey.
Millville Bor.—Richard Downing, Bernard Fehlen's 1st Ward; Mich'l Sullivan, Dan'l Casey, 2d Ward.
Munster Twp.—Anthony Shiver, John Noel.
Prospect Bor.—Thos. Riley, Mich'l Kenney.
Richland Twp.—John J. Hornick, B. Nees.
Stonycreek Twp.—D. J. Horner, Val. Ripple.
Summerhill Twp.—Thos. Holohan, Jas. Keating.
Summitville Bor.—John Lynch, L. E. Storm.
Susquehanna Twp.—And'w Eckenrode, Isaac Weakley.
Taylor Twp.—Peter Karns, D. McGrath.
Tunnel Hill Bor.—John Porter, John Murphy.
Washington Twp.—G. Bender, C. A. George.
White Twp.—Peter Yeagley, John Downing.
Woodvale Bor.—Geo. Gillinger, D. Wendell.
Wilmore Bor.—John Schroth, Tobias Wolff.
Upper Yoder Twp.—John Hochstein, James Mossholder.
Lower Yoder Twp.—Jas. Burns, Con. Kurtz.

PROTHONOTARY.

The nomination of candidates for Prothonotary being now in order, the following gentlemen were named: Nathaniel Horne, of Johnstown; Charles F. O'Donnell, of Loretto; John G. Lake, of Ebensburg; B. M'Colgan, of Ebensburg; James S. Luckett, of Barr township, and Cairn Lahey, of Washington township. The convention then proceeded to ballot, with the following result, briefly noted:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
O'Donnell	34	35	35	35	34	35
Horne	38	36	37	38	38	36
McColgan	5	8	6	6	5	7
Lake	7	6	6	6	7	5
Luckett	5	6	5	5	5	5
Lahey	5	5	5	4	6	3

	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.	11th.	12th.
O'Donnell	35	33	35	33	35	38
Horne	39	38	38	36	37	39
McColgan	5	5	5	5	7	6
Lake	7	7	6	6	7	6
Luckett	4	4	4	5	4	6
Lahey	4	5	4	7	(withdr'n.)	

	13th.	14th.	15th.	16th.	17th.	18th.
O'Donnell	41	41	42	42	44	44
Horne	37	34	38	40	39	40
McColgan	7	5	6	6	6	5
Lake	6	9	4	6	5	5
Luckett	2		(withdrawn.)			

	19th.	20th.	21st.	22d.	23d.	24th.	25th.
O'Donnell	44	43	43	47	41	41	48
Horne	38	38	38	39	40	39	43
McColgan	5	5	5	11	8	7	3

It required 48 votes out of 94 to nominate, and on the 25th ballot, C. F. O'Donnell, having received just that number, was declared the choice of the convention, and on motion his nomination was made unanimous.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

For District Attorney, W. Horace Rose, of Johnstown, James Null, of Carrolltown, and John G. Lake, of Ebensburg, were placed in nomination, the name of the latter gentleman, who was not present at the time, being proposed without his knowledge or consent, as he distinctly stated in open convention soon after learning of the fact. The first ballot, as given herewith, resulted in the selection of Mr. Rose, whose nomination was received with acclamation.

Rose	51	Lake	13
Null	21		

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

For Poor House Director, Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township; Samuel O'Harra, of Munster township, Lake Durbin, of Clearfield township, Elias Ream, of Jackson township, William M'Dermitt, of Washington township, and Charles Flick, of Loretto borough, were nominated, and on the first ballot, which we append, Jacob Kirkpatrick, having a majority of all the votes cast, was declared the nominee, the nomination afterwards being made unanimous.

Kirkpatrick	40	Ream	11
O'Harra	12	McDermitt	5
Durbin	5	Flick	4

CORONER.

For Coroner, James Moreland, of Wilmore, and John F. Bradley, of Gallitzin, were named and balloted for with the following result in favor of Mr. Moreland:

Moreland	43	Bradley	7

The selection of a county ticket having been thus completed, R. L. Johnston, Esq., of Ebensburg, was elected Senatorial delegate to the Democratic State Convention, and John Downey, of Johnstown, and Patrick Rodgers, of Millville, Representative delegates, the former receiving 51 votes against 9 for Judge Potts, while the two ballots for Representative delegates resulted as follows:

	1st ballot.	2d ballot.
John Downey	37	54
Patrick Rodgers	22	41
Isaac Wike	24	42
Joseph Cramer	24	30
A. J. Christy	4	4
David Talbot	2	2

A brief discussion then took place on the question of changing the mode of nominating candidates, but the convention declined to make any change at this time in the present delegate system.

At this stage of the proceedings, and while less than one-half of the members of the convention were present, a motion was made by a delegate and declared carried, instructing the delegates to the State convention to vote for Daniel O. Barr, of Pittsburgh, for State Treasurer.

John E. Scanlan, Esq., of Ebensburg, was elected Chairman of the County Committee for the ensuing year, and the other members of the committee though not all were selected in the usual manner, the list not being completed, however, owing to the fact that many of the delegates were not present to make suggestions, The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

—When the disorders of Babyhood attack your Baby use at once Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and notice its rapid and beneficial effect. 25 cents per bottle.

"THE SURE WITNESS."—"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian,—he might have added with equal truth, "and novel inpositions."—Studied politeness has been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of merit, invariably exclaim, "Prove it!" In brief, Satan has made himself so omnipresent, that we look for his cloven foot everywhere—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket after his experience with "No. 104, 163," with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while hers would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a whole year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed dose more carefully, and then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose, and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its billious tint, her eyes regain their lustre, her accustomed energy returns, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is a sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a *personal knowledge of its effects*, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes long bills rhyme with pills) may say of it. Dr. Pierce is in receipt of letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a greater demand for the Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets than ever before. In affections of the liver and blood they are unsurpassed.

A NOVEL WEDDING.—That was a novel wedding which took place in a 'Squire's office here a few days ago. The parties came from down the road somewhere—he a demented country fellow of thirty-five or thereabouts, and she a very rustic Miss of perhaps seventeen or eighteen years. Their appearance indicated the prospective bride and groom, and a curious crowd followed them to the 'Squire's, and filled the office and blocked the windows to get a view of the ceremony. The man seemed to have forgotten his errand after he was invited to take a seat, and remained perfectly mute and motionless for twenty minutes, without once looking at his charmer, who was seated on the opposite side of the room. All this while there was a general titter among the spectators, the scene being enjoyed by all, even to the 'Squire, who awaited the bridegroom's pleasure to broach his business. Finally a sympathizing gentleman present asked the man if he wished to get married, and the man replied that he "just did."—Then the 'Squire ordered the couple to stand up and proceeded to melt them into one being. It was pretty hard work, though they were certainly "soft" enough to have amalgamated easily. It was a difficult task to get them to say and do the proper ceremonial things. The man lighted a cigar immediately afterward, and, without a word to his partner, quitted the office and betook himself toward the depot, she following slightly behind and limping in a pair of tight new shoes.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

UNLAWFUL INSURANCE.—*Information for Persons Insuring in Foreign Companies.*—In his fourth annual report Insurance Commissioner Forster gives some useful hints to persons who patronize companies outside of this State. He says:

No resident of this State should accept insurance in a company not of this State without first ascertaining that the company has received the requisite authority to do business here. Every agent holds in his hands the certificate of the Commissioner, and can readily produce the evidence of the company's authority and his own. Complaints of fraudulent insurance would not be so common if parties insuring would observe this simple precaution. It too often happens that the insured neglect to inquire into the character of the company until after a loss occurs, and it fails to pay. Companies that deliberately violate the law do not intend to pay; and the insured has no remedy that is worth pursuing. Indeed, in most cases it is a waste of sympathy to pity the party who loses under these circumstances, for, with every means of enlightenment he may be presumed to have illegal nature of the transaction and to accept the consequences.

The law provides ample remedies against unlawful insurance. It is made a misdemeanor punishable by a heavy fine. The agent is also liable to a fine of $200 for each offense, upon action brought by the Insurance Commissioner and State Treasurer. Like other statutes, this one will not execute itself. The Commissioner is ready to co-operate with any party to secure the conviction and punishment of any agent acting for an unlicensed company, provided information is made and the proof necessary to sustain the charge obtained; or upon presentation to him of the requisite proof that any risk has been written for an unauthorized company, he will settle an account against the agency for the recovery of the penalty.

TWO LIMBS OF THE LAW ON THE MUSCLE.—A correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Post*, writing from our neighboring town of Indiana under date of July 7th, gives the following account of a little set-to between Gen. Harry White and I. A. C. Ruffner, Esq., practising attorneys at the bar of that county. The correspondent says:

The usual quiet of our town was somewhat disturbed yesterday afternoon by an encounter between a couple of attorneys. Lawyers generally fight with words, but in this instance it came to blows. A case in which the Indiana County Bank is plaintiff, and of which General White, our Congressman, is President and half owner, was being heard before Judge Blair, at Chambers. The case involves a large amount, and the different interests were represented by several lawyers. The defendants allege payment and claim credit for some eight or ten thousand dollars illegal interest. Several legal gentlemen were present arguing the case, and among them General White, for plaintiffs and I. A. C. Ruffner, Esq., for defendants. The General, who, since his return from performing voluntary services in Louisiana last Fall, imagines that he has the whole government upon his shoulders, and that every loafer should bow to him, did not relish some of the points made by counsel for defendant, and in regular pugilistic style struck at Mr. Ruffner, who promptly replied in the same way, and had not the Court and those present interfered, the General would probably have received a severe castigation. No officers being present the gentlemen escaped a term in jail. General White retreated to the strong walls of his bank, and now appears on the street with a stout walking stick. It is thought by many that the end of this affair is not yet.

THE DIOCESAN TROUBLES.—The Pittsburgh *Post* of Monday has this to say about certain matters relating to the Catholic dioceses of Pittburgh and Allegheny:

Many unauthoritative reports have been put in circulation regarding financial troubles in the Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh, and many reports have greatly exaggerated the differences between certain of the diocesan authorities. It is a matter of public knowledge, however, that it was found impossible to settle the points of dispute satisfactorily at home, and that the matter was finally referred to the Ecclesiastical Court at Rome. Bishop Domenec visited Rome personally to present his case, while Bishop Tuigg was represented by Fathers Tuttel and Tighand, specialists at the Vatican was somewhat favorable to the stand taken by Bishop Tuigg, though apparently, as near as may be, satisfactory to all concerned. Bishop Domenec was directed to transfer to Bishop Tuigg a number of valuable mortgages held by him, and which the Ecclesiastical Court held should justly belong in paying the debts of the Pittsburgh Diocese. These papers are in the Recorder's office preparatory to the conclusion of the transfer. The aggregate value of the mortgages is not stated, but it is known to be very large. The report that the counties of Cambria, Bedford, Westmoreland and Blair were to be added to the Pittsburgh diocese is said by Bishop Tuigg to be without any foundation.

The property which is to be transferred by Bishop Domenec to Bishop Tuigg in accordance with the order referred to, consists of all mortgages held on property in the Pittsburgh diocese, the aggregate value of which is about $50,000.

DEAFNESS.—Dr. Keyser cured me of deafness in a few weeks.

LOUIS MULLER. No. 20, 6th Street.
Dr. Keyser's office, 120 Penn St., Pittsburgh.

Communications.

GALLITZIN, July 8, 1877.

EDITOR FREEMAN—For years the workingmen of this country have battled against the oppressive rule of capital. Some times they have been victorious in their struggle, but just as often they have been compelled to submit to the base propositions of greedy speculators. Why is this the case? Simply because the working people are different to each other, and through this diversity of opinion a barrier is built up between them and their just rights, which leaves them in thraldom under the crushing heel of capital. How will the toiling millions elevate themselves above the level of slavery? First, they must unite, and when united, they must do away with all religious and national differences, for these are the two most auspicious points from which speculators draw their plans, and must also be the starting point of the working people, if they want to burst the chains of tyranny that now bind them, hand and foot. Let us take a look through this country, and what will we see? Poverty in every place the eye can penetrate; robbery in every town and village; murders that shock the entire nation, and degradation such as was never before witnessed in the land Fathers seek daily for employment by which they may support their starving wives and children, and unable to obtain it, are often driven to desperation, through which they commit some crime for which they are thrown into prison, regardless of their wives and children who are suffering from starvation. Mothers look with despair on their ragged and starving children, while kind friends pity them, but can render no assistance. All the almshouses in the land are overcrowded; all the prisons, too, are full and crime daily increases and will continue to increase until the wrongs inflicted on the people are righted.

Now, Mr. Editor, to prove these remarks are not based on fiction, I will say a few words on the plans resorted to by heartless tyrants to reduce the working men in the anthracite coal regions. At certain coal mines in that region two bosses were employed, one was an Irishman and the other a Welshman, and to suit the movement there was nearly any equal number of men of both nationalities employed in and around these works, and when the company came to the conclusion to reduce the wages of their employees, they gave notice of a reduction, which often caused a strike, the men knowing that they were even then working at below living rates. Now to begin deception. The Irish boss is sent to his countrymen and the Welsh boss is sent to his countrymen, and they begin thus: "Are you men going to let those d—d Welshmen or Irishmen, as the case may be, go to work? If you do, you men will have to leave, as there will be no work for you." The consequence is, the Irish miners and the Welsh miners meet at the mines, each determined to go to work to hold his position. In this manner the miners of the anthracite regions are reduced until to day we see them starving or living on chop or corn meal, and we daily hear of men going to work with empty dinner cans to hide the poverty, which was forced upon them in the manner above stated. Union after Union was organized by the working men in hopes to obtain justice; but the tyrant operators had their full quota of spies and agitators, who were more destructive among the working men than a mad dog would be among a drove of cattle. They created a diversity of opinion in the labor ranks, by making religion and nationality crimes among the opposite parties. This was followed by quarrels, strikes, poverty, starvation, incendiarism, and murder; for the last named crimes unfortunate men were secretly sacrificed their lives on the gallows, on the 21st of last month, some of whom may have been guilty, but others of whom were undoubtedly in no cnt. This terrible sacrifice of human life has shocked the whole nation. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and unhappy widows and orphans, weep bitterly for the departed ones, while such men as Gowen can live in luxury at the expense of death and starvation among the working classes. Brother toilers, think what the fate of our glorious Washington and his followers would have been had they given themselves up to religious and national prejudices. But they did not. Washington was working for the interests of his people—not like the demagogues of our day, who only work to fill their pockets at the expense of honor and all that is sacred.

Now, fellow workingmen, for the duty you owe to God, your country, and your family, do away with these foolish prejudices and be free men. No longer be deluded by smooth-tongued sharpers. You may trace the history of nations and religion back to the birth of our Saviour, and you will find that it was sharpers in every instance who incited these religious and national differences, and even in this enlightened age we find it cherished in the hearts of a certain portion of all denominations, but it is only the ignorant portion of them, whom death alone can conquer. Ireland has been kept in bending for centuries by this very same reason. It has caused the sacrifice of thousands of lives in this nation and in England, France and Prussia; are also divided on this account. The press of the country will not touch this question, simply because it would enlighten the people more than they wish to see them enlightened. Then theonly plan is for our own and control such newspapers as will illustrate all such questions.

The Greenback question is being discussed frequently among workingmen, and old party hacks are grounting over future prospects. Greenbackers men, arouse!

Yours, respectfully,
JAMES W. KILLDUFF.

NOT PUZZLETOWN, after July 4, 1877.

I am not A. D. H., friends, nor am I "Rob Roy,"
But still you may bet I am somebody's boy.
I've been taking a spree on the Fourth of July,
And observing the signs of the times generally.
Fancy picnics of course were the rules of the day,
Attended by lasses and lads young and gay,
And oldcer ones too, of the delicate class,
Clad, bedecked, powdered and painted, and jeweled in brass;
And with bows blue and red—yes, of colors diffuse—
Stitched, pinned, sewed and buttoned, in numbers profuse,
In circles and rows and irregular ways,
All over their costumes,—their whittes and their grays.
Of course to essay from 'way back in the woods
To criticise fashions in city-made goods
Is rather presumptive, yet still I'll remark
That although all don't bite, every dog likes to bark;
That although our opinions of rosy cheeks bloom,
Or snow-like complexions, to differ have room,
Yet I think that the war sign of Mohawk or Sioux
Is rather misplaced in the face of the true,
The angelic, the loving, the tender, and sweet,
Who ought to be sugar from crown to the feet;
That red dirt or white dirt just spoils their sweet looks
As much as the kitchen's black soot does the cook's.
Now, girls, would you listen to honest advice:
It was God made your faces and made them all nice;
If you think to improve what He perfectly made,
Be assured you are placing good sense in the shade.
In the homeliest face will the well-practiced eye
Some God-planted beauty at all times descry.
But cover with powder and paint, and I fear
That these noble graces will all disappear.
Young men, noble-hearted, with mind well to do,
Will never be fooled by your colors untrue;
Only fops, fools, and dandies will bite at such ware,
So, beware of such vicious improvements in looks.
SOMEBODY'S BOY.

JULY 11, 1877.

MR. EDITOR—I was present as a spectator during all the proceedings of the Democratic County Convention on Monday last. When the Senatorial and Representative delegates to the Democratic State Convention were elected, nothing whatever was said about instructing them to vote for any of the State candidates; nor was any attempt made to do so until just before the close of the convention, when not more than *one third* of the delegates were in the Court room, for the motion, and amidst the confusion which always attends the final work of a convention it was declared carried. Such a motion would never have been made in a full convention, or if made, would have been defeated by an overwhelming majority. It is not at all doubted by any intelligent Democrat of this county that Col. A. C. Noyes, the well known and popular lumberman, of Clinton county, is the clear and undoubted choice of the Democracy of Cambria for State Treasurer. In saying this I merely state an undisputed *fact* which does not in the least impugn either the competency or integrity of Mr. Barr. Of course the convention had no power to instruct as to the action of a fragment of a convention in *one* of the *two* counties composing the district, is not binding on Mr. Johnston, the Senatorial delegate. If Mr. Downey and Mr. Rodgers, under all the circumstances of its adoption, consider themselves properly instructed by it, they will disrepresent the well known wishes of their constituents. One of them did not hesitate to say after the adjournment of the convention that he had all the time been in favor of Col. Noyes nomination. A snap game has been played on the Democracy of the county, and having seen how the trick was done I protest against it. One thing, however, is certain—the three delegates are warm friends of the nomination of William P. Schell, of Bedford county, for Auditor General.

VOX POPULI.

—A traveling peddler, who was engaged in selling a potato bug exterminator, broke several bottles containing the compound in the lane near the residence of William Stewart, in White township, Indiana county, the other day, the liquid saturating the grass in the immediate vicinity. A flock of sheep, belonging to Mr. Holsbery were grazing in the neighborhood, and eight of them died from the effects of the poison.

Local Correspondence.

CARROLLTOWN, July 10, 1877.

DEAR FREEMAN—The celebration of the 101st anniversary of American Independence passed off quietly and enjoyably to the many hundreds who participated in the grand picnic held in this place, and we are sure no one who came here on the Fourth of July went away disappointed. The day was pleasant and auspicious, and nothing whatever occurred to mar the festivity or pleasures of the occasion.

On Saturday last a little son of Dr. John E. Mancher made a narrow escape from death by falling from the second story of a new building in course of erection to the ground, a distance of 17 or 18 feet. His fall was considerably broken, however, by his grasping a rope pending from the roof, but still he ruptured a blood vessel in his foot and mashup sustained other injuries which, owing to considerable swelling of that member, cannot be ascertained as yet.

The congregation of St. Benedict's without a single exception, feel profoundly sorry that they are about to lose Rev. Father Ambrose as a pastor, he having been called to other scenes of labor in the Lord's vineyard. He has in his departure the sincere but regretful "God-speed!" of all, and many a prayer for his protection and prosperity will well up from the hearts of his long endeared parishioners in this vicinity. E.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH 10 CENTS?—Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now to say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggists, Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

CLEARING OUT SALE.—*Great Reductions in all Departments.*—To make room for our Fall importations we will during this month sell the balance of our stock of

Silks, Shawls,
Cloaks, Dolmas,
Dress Goods,
Linens,
Chintzes, &c.,

at bargain prices.

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RUPTURE.—If you are ruptured the best thing you can do is to call on DR. KEYSER and have a good Truss fitted. I say fitted, for there are more mistakes made by ill-fitting Trusses in the treatment of rupture than in any other way. Dr. Keyser's Trusses are not only cheaper but they are better than can be had anywhere in the United States. Dr. Keyser will cure rupture in most cases and will warrant cures. Dr. Keyser, 120 and 240 Penn ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HYMENEAL.

CONVERY—McGUIRE.—Married, at St. Augustine, on Wednesday, July 4, 1877, Mr. DANIEL CONVERY, formerly of Loretto, now of the oil regions, and Miss JOSEPHINE MCGUIRE, of Clearfield township.

LINK—RYAN.—Married, at the same place, by the same on Tuesday, July 10, 1877, Mr. MARTIN LINK and Miss ELLEN RYAN, both of that neighborhood.

OBITUARY.

MARLETT.—Died, at the residence of his son in Clearfield township, on Saturday last, GIBSON MARLETT, aged about 80 years.

There are very few men in the county who did not know Gibeon Marlett. He was born in Onondaga county, New York, and came to this county during the flourishing days of the old Portage Rail Road. He was for the greater part of his life the keeper of a hotel, and followed that business at various places in this county and elsewhere. For several years he has been in feeble health and resided with his son, Harry Marlett. He was a very companionable man and possessed many generous traits of character. Peace to his ashes.

MARTZ.—Died, on Saturday last, at his residence, in Cambria township, Mr. ALOYSIUS MARTZ, aged about 67 years.

Mr. M. was a native of Germany and came to this neighborhood many years ago. He was a hard-working, industrious farmer, and being an upright man and a sincere and exemplary Christian, he won the esteem of all who knew him. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at New Germany on Monday forenoon. May he rest in peace.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY E. M'COMBIE, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Mary E. M'Combie, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd, by the Register of Cambria county. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to come forward and pay the same without delay, and those having claims will present them in legal shape for settlement.

WILLIAM M'COMBIE,
June 18, 1877.-6t. Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of HENRY FOSTER, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of the above named decedent, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal form for settlement.

JOSEPH GUTWALD, Executor.
Ebensburg, July 2, 18 7.-6t.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

S

CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

MARCH 16, 1877.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

There, and the Other Place.

—Have you taken a little Murphy in
—St. Patrick's day in the morning is next
—Don't ask for the big store they
Simon's.
—Cheap and dear about here are potatoes
—Fine prospects for an abundant yield of
—Don't want to buy goods on credit don't
Thomas' cash store.
—A new lot of new prints and ginghams
Mrs. Gatto at Oatman's.
—Some eggs can be cracked two weeks
—Fuel dearer than usual.
—Genuine Navy Chewing is made only by
Jos. Rinehart, Pittsburgh.
—Oatman's cash store and price his
—Where you will go no further.
—Oatman has not only the largest
—Ebensburg but the cheapest.
—Proceedings have been crowded out
—Sales which would brook no de-
—Boneless calf is the latest freak of na-
—In the vicinity of Coopersdale, this
—Don't forget the Mountain House in
—Who is not to get a *Heist* in the Spring
—Call at W. & D. Rinehart's No. 1 Long
Cut Chewing Tobacco. Made from the best
—The railroad from Lloydsville to
—Johnson's, six miles in length, is to be
—Spring season.
—Those who know their business,
—Buy nothing else than W & D. Rinehart's
—Long Cut, Pittsburgh.
—Daniel Hildebrand, of Taylor town-
—died on Saturday last from what is
—considered small-pox.
—What a great misfortune if all who
—Should not get the Peerless Navy
—Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco.
—Have you heard of the Murphy pledges
—Have been taken, to be sacredly kept for life
—Not to sell or buy liquor in or about Wilmore, this county.
—Here's the dead-head advertisement
—Of our columns, brother publishers.—
—Don't you roll in it, you may rest assured.
—Married, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. J. W. Jones, of Al-
—toona, assisted, on Friday last, by
—Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jacob Gump to Miss Mary Ann Fiscus, all
—of Allegheny township. Mr. Gump
—Has a good old fashioned cup of hot coffee on her arm and
—Chewing Tobacco, made
—By R. & D. Rinehart, is becoming very
—Popular with those who understand their
—Cut Plug, Huntingdon county, is the
—Postmaster of a school directress in the
—Person of Mrs. W. C. Kuhn, chosen at the
—Last election.
—Don't give up the ship. Dr. Bull's
—Cough Syrup may cure you, as it has done
—Hundreds little, and can never harm.
—There is no distillery in operation in this
—County at present time, Mr. Joseph Geis,
—Of Carrolltown township, having recently re-
—Linquished the business.
—Messrs. James M. Elroy and Samuel B.
—Have been appointed postmasters
—Of Barr's Forge and Cole's Sum-
—Mit, this county.
—A Johnstown lady paid a visit to
—Altoona a few days ago, and while
—Here caught a cold and died very unexpectedly
—Early the next morning last.
—Only aged fifteen or sixteen years
—Made an appearance in Altoona on Satur-
—Day last in a beastly state of intox-
—Ication. Who's Murphy?
—Scarlet fever seems to be very few families in
—Cambria township which are not at
—present afflicted with one or more cases of
—Scarlet fever or putrid sore throat.
—Parties intending to change your residence
—Should bear this kind notice in mind, don't fail to no-
—Tify us of the fact, so that there may be no
—Delay in the delivery of your paper.
—Quite a number of original poetry from the same
—Have to go over until next week,
—For want of space in the present issue.
—Emigrants to the oil regions in hopes of
—Striking it rich, The Ebensburg *Herald* says
—Very few of any nationality or persons in fifteen seeking
—Employment at that point succeeds in his
—Search.
—Seventeen locomotives, one hundred and
—Twenty passenger cars, two mail cars and
—Two hundred and thirty-three freight and
—Coal cars were built in the Altoona shops
—During the year 1876.
—The Cambria County Agricultural Associa-
—Tion recently taken the initiatory steps
—To hold a fair in Dell Delight grove
—On the 27th and 28th days of Sep-
—Tember next, Hollidaysburg.
—Mr. Jos. Rinehart, of Johnstown, has just
—Received a patent for "picture exhibit-
—Ing machines" they may be, and H. Briden-
—Baugh, Ebensburg, has received a similar right
—For Cambria county.
—Any man who has aught to say now
—That water works ought to be knocked
—Into a reservoir and kept there until—well,
—Until he is willing to admit that *water works*
—Are a good thing in putting out fires.
—Two freight cars were completely de-
—Stroyed and several others thrown from
—The track by a freight wreck near Summer-
—Hill Monday night last. The Mail Train
—Of Cars were delayed about two hours
—Thereby.
—It is true, that Mr. Hayes intends to
—Be governed by the matter of making changes
—In the shifting ranks of his party,
—But James may as well hang his harp
—On the willow tree, the airing of his chicken
—Will be to the contrary notwithstand-
—Ing.
—Two little girls, sisters, aged respective-
—Ly six and eight years, and a healthy
—Looking little boy, three years old, are
—Wanting homes in respectable fam-
—Ilies. For further particulars apply to Mr.
—Jos. Stewart of the Cambria county poor
—House.
—A young legal friend John Doyle, Esq.,
—Of Ebensburg, was on Wednesday last, on mo-
—Tion of R. E. Johnston, Esq., admitted to
—Practice at the law in the several Courts
—Of this county. John need not be told that
—We wishes go with him in his new de-
—Parture.
—A considerable snow fell in this vicinity
—On Sunday and Tuesday last, but it was not
—Of the most disagreeable of slush. Hence
—The disappointment received by the Johnstown
—Boys as to the good sleighing up here was
—Not to be, Betty Martin."
—The Sheriff is again in error when it
—Says the Sheriff Ryan has concluded to de-
—Liver his six prisoners to the peniten-
—Tiary next week. As he never had any
—Notice to that institution
—Of the time indicated, he of course could
—Not be deferred the duty until then.
—A man named John Baker was run over
—And killed by a freight train near Bailey's water station
—On the P. R. R., last Saturday morning, and
—Was cut to pieces, one of his arms being
—Severed from the body and his entrails,
—Etc., scattered along the track for a
—Considerable distance. So says the Altoona
—*Tribune*.
—That young lothario who some time
—Since engaged in selling patent fluting
—Irons in the fair sex of Beccaria township,
—Cambria county, is badly needed just now
—In no less than four surreptitious in-
—Stances are expected to put in an appear-
—Ance in that vicinity ere many more moons
—Shall wane.
—A misprint in the list of officers cho-
—Sen for Conemaugh township at the recent elec-
—Tion published by us three weeks ago, we
—Inadvertently printed the name of Dennis
—Kane instead of Dennis O'Donnell, the
—Latter having received for supervisor sev-
—Enty-one votes out of one hundred votes cast on
—That occasion.
—A man in the moon was looking at
—The clothing of Jas. J Murphy, 109
—Fifth avenue, Johnstown, the other night,
—With a evident intention of making a pur-
—Chase. It can't shine without a new suit
—Of clothes, neither can the young man
—Of Cambria county shine unless they go
—To Murphy's.

—The Altoona *Globe* says that eggs are gradually advancing. If that be so they will doubtless find their way out before Easter.

—Depot Master Butler, the gentleman who conducted the Murphy meeting in this place on Thursday night of last week, and who in early life followed the sea for several years, is the possessor of a roamin' nose—that is to say, a nose that has roamed no less than four times around the world with the worthy owner thereof immediately in rear.

—There are no less than two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages in existence and yet scarcely one of them affords a word sufficiently expressive to do full justice to the customers and superb stock of goods now on exhibition and sold at the popular cheap store of Godfrey Wolff, next door to post-office Altoona, where better bargains can be obtained than were ever trotted out at an auction.

—Mr. John H. Moore, of Altoona, so long and favorably known as the matchless "match man," who for many years visited all portions of this and neighboring counties with his peddling wagon, prepared at all times to supply the merchants thereof with a large variety of notions, etc., has relinquished his business and removed to Kansas, where we trust that a long and prosperous career awaits him.

—It is sweet to remember the days of our youth, when 'mid the storms of December we froze fast to the truth; but sweeter by far and more fully enjoyed are the facts as they are about Myers & Lloyd, whose stock is complete and whose prices are low, and who sell everything neat at a speed that's not slow, and deal with their customers from the very word go—there and buy your dry goods and groceries.

—The Courts of this county, unlike those of any other, we venture to say, in the State, are presided over by three Johns—Hon. John Dean, President Judge, and Hons. John Flanagan, and John D. Thomas, Associate Judges. There is another john, too well known, alas! as demijohn, that furnishes the greater part of the criminal business which these other Johns are from time to time called upon to take cognizance of.

—On Tuesday afternoon of last week, a little child of Mr. J. J. Davis, of West Indiana, was so shockingly burned by its clothes taking fire from a grate while the other inmates were temporally absent from the house that its life is despaired of. In its terror the unfortunate child rushed into the street, where a gentleman named Klingensmith succeeded in extinguishing the flames after very severely burning his own hands in the effort.

—Mr. John C. Burke, of Washington township, will offer at public sale, on Saturday of next week, commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m., a lot of personal property consisting of one horse, one stallion, one cow, two hogs, one wagon, one buggy, farming utensils, household furniture, potatoes, etc. Also, at the same time, his farm of 174 acres, with improvements, will be offered for sale, but if not disposed of will then be for rent. See posters for further particulars.

—We learn by a letter received a few days ago from Hon. James J. Thomas, one of the members of Assembly from this county, that owing to sickness he was unable to attend the sessions of the House for two weeks previous to Monday, the 5th instant. This will account for any apparent neglect on the part of Mr. Thomas in attending to his official duties. He also informs us that both himself and his colleague, Mr. Downey, opposed and voted against the Purdon Digest swindle, which, we need scarcely say, redounds greatly to their credit.

—The Osceola *Recelle* says that while some men at Whitehead & Co.'s collieries, on Goss Run, were at work driving in a monkey drift the other day, they came upon an almost perfectly petrified stump having three distinct roots. All portions of the stump had been entirely changed to stone, except a small portion of the center, which still remained in its original state. This curiosity was found between five and six feet below the surface, and beneath the smut through which the men were working, and has, we are informed, been removed by Mr. Whitehead to Huntingdon.

—On Friday evening last, while several parties were engaged in making their purchases at the meat market of Mr. Jos. Gutwald, in the basement of the Blair House, a bullet suddenly crashed through one of the panes of glass in the front window, and after passing in unpleasant proximity, indeed within three or four inches, of Mr. John McMullen's head, imbedded itself in the wall on the opposite side of the room. Whence the bullet came is a mystery, but as no report of a pistol or gun was heard at the time the presumption is that it was thrown from a gun sling and either by accident or design took the course already indicated. Who did the mischief has not, we believe, and probably never will be found out.

—Two gentlemen from the north of the county visited the new jail on Wednesday last, and while there concluded to try how it would look to sport a pair of handcuffs, and with this object in view each of them selected a set of "jewelry" and inserting their wrists therein the lock closed with a spring. So far so good, but when our friends essayed to get out of the ornaments they found to their great chargin that no one about the jail had a key with which to unlock the bracelets, and the result was that they had to march all the way to the Court House and into the Sheriff's office, a distance of two squares, before they could be relieved from their unpleasant predicament. We could give the names of the two gentlemen but don't propose to do so, as they no doubt feel cheap enough about it as it is.

—The Johnstown *Daily Tribune* recently entered on the fifth year of its existence, with every prospect we hope for a long continuance. It is needless to say that on political and not a few other questions the *Tribune* and FREEMAN have been in the past and are likely to be in the future as far apart as the north and south poles, but that does not deter us from saying that the sprightly little sheet in question is always welcomed by us and the daily visitors to our office for its full telegraphic reports, as well as for its home and general news, which is at all times as complete and satisfactory under the management of Geo. T. Swank, editor and proprietor, and Caspar W. Easly, local scribe, as it could well be made. There is no one more sincere than "calf" McPike in wishing the *Tribune* a long life and an exceedingly prosperous one.

—A lecherous scoundrel named Elward Schrecongost has been committed to the Indiana county jail charged with the infamous crime of outraging the person of an orphan girl named Rebecca Bennett, residing with Mr. Geo. Gettys, near the village of Gettysburg, in that county. The offence is alleged to have been committed on the night of the 25th ult., while Miss Bennett was on her way home from church, and it is alleged that five other parties not yet arrested were concerned in the hellish work. The outcries of their victim alarmed the young fiends and brought other parties to her assistance in time we presume to save her from all the indignities that would otherwise have been visited upon her. The Indiana *Messenger*, from which we glean these facts, has been informed that Schrecongost was imprisoned in the Armstrong county jail not long since for a like offence, but how he escaped the penitentiary is more than we can tell.

TROUBLESOME CHRONIC DISEASES.—There are multitudes of Chronic diseases which beset and afflict hundreds of our readers, which in a vast majority of cases, are easily within the reach of cure. The class embraces so many maladies that it were tedious as well as useless to name most of them —Dropsy, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Old and Stubborn Ulcers and Fever Sores; Neuralgia, Head-aches, Contracted Limbs, all, or most of which are, by proper treatment, curable. Consumption, Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa, Piles and Fistula make up another class, equally remediable under the improved methods of medicine, which deep research into its hidden powers have brought to light. Dr. Keyser of 120 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, has investigated these diseases as well as other obscure chronic affections, which has enabled him to promise a cure whenever a cure is at all possible; his office is easily reached, and persons desiring to consult him, can take the morning cars, in most cases, and return home the same day. Dr. Keyser is the proprietor of Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure, the great remedy for Consump-

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.—Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists,—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpet" no less than the human form divine, —Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity,—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heep the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty—Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—On last Wednesday morning about 2 o'clock, as Mr. Michael Breckner, of this place was returning from New Germany on horseback and was passing down Main street opposite the extensive hardware store of George Huntley, he believed from a strong smell of smoke pervading the atmosphere, that there was a fire in the building. He dismounted, walked to the front door, and being satisfied that such was the case promptly gave the alarm. In a few minutes several of the residents in the neighborhood were on the ground, and about the time of their arrival a small flame of fire was seen to burst through the weather-boarding next the alley way on the western side of the store room, only a short distance above the ground. In a few minutes the fire engine was at the scene, and the hose was attached to the nearest plug. The source of the fire at that point was very difficult to reach, and in a brief period the window in that part of the room was broken in, and through it the hose poured a constant stream of water. This was kept up for nearly an hour, when the fire was extinguished. The front door was then opened, when the full extent of the damage could be seen. The destruction was complete, more so on the western side of the room than elsewhere. All the articles, many of much value, in two show cases on the counters were destroyed. In a word, for we cannot go into details, the room was a blackened, charred and total wreck, showing that the fire had been in progress a very considerable time before the alarm was given or the water applied. Of course all the hardware has been badly damaged and much of it totally destroyed. How the fire originated is a mystery. It is very certain that it was not from the stove, as Mr. Connell, the clerk, says there was scarcely any fire in it when he closed up and went home. If the alarm had not been given by Mr. Breckner just when it was, which brought the engine promptly to the spot, the destruction of property on that side of Main street would have been fearful. Mr. Huntley estimates his loss on store and building at from $16,000 to $18,000, which is fully covered by insurance. In his sudden misfortune Mr. H. has the sincere sympathy of our entire community.

URESCOPIA—During the whole course of our study and practice we have paid particular attention to this old "German mode" of detecting disease, and especially invite all those laboring under any lingering disease that has not been cured, because, perhaps, the complaint was not properly understood, to send a vial of their *urine* for examination, and have the necessary medicine sent them. We wish it distinctly understood that this "special" invitation is given those who have sufficiently tried the remedies of their family physician, and have failed to obtain relief at his hand.

If any others choose to apply we will give them our best medical attention also, and promise them relief in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

If we *fail* to detect the "morbid conditions," if any; or to determine the nature of the disease, or the organs affected, as the lungs, liver, stomach, brain, kidneys, womb, &c., there shall be no charge made.

Send us a vial of *morning* urine by *express (not by mail)* with name, age, and P. O. address of the patient, and we can send the necessary medicines.

DRS. OLDSHUE,
132 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

Immense Stock.

LOW PRICES.

We invite special attention to our extraordinary large stock of BLACK AND COLORED SILKS, which we are still enabled to offer at the EXTREME LOW PRICES OF LAST SEASON. We have a full assortment of BLACK SILKS of all the best makes in the market, which we warrant to wear and give satisfaction; also, all the new dark and medium shades in PLAIN COLORED SILKS for Spring, from $1.25 per yard and upwards. These goods are extra good value, and are unsurpassed for variety and richness of colors. Samples sent by mail on application.

HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth Ave. and Market St.,
PITTSBURGH.

A GREAT PAPER.—We have received the first number of the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, the publication of which was commenced on the 1st of this month. It is a credit to journalism and an honor to the metropolis of the State. Its typography could not be excelled, and its whole appearance stamps it as one of the foremost of first class papers in the country. It is edited with marked ability and the original articles in which it abounds are as interesting as they are well and ably written. It would be a difficult task to improve upon the *Weekly Times*, and Col. M'Clure deserves the highest praise for his enterprise in furnishing the public with such a superior and excellent newspaper. We trust it will meet with unbounded success, and that the Colonel will not forget to send it along regularly to this office.

IN THE INTEREST OF FARMERS.—You are in need of Seeds, Trees, Plants, &c. We therefore direct your attention to the advertisement in this paper of the Knox Fruit Farm and Nurseries. It is one of the oldest Nurseries west of the mountains. You should send at once for a catalogue and par

Letter from California.

TURLOCK, Stanislaus Co., Cal.,
March 5, 1877.

DEAR FREEMAN—I studied law once, but I never knew the meaning and import of the term grand larceny until the Republican party stole the highest office in the gift of the people. Now I know what grand larceny means. If the people can stand this swindle I can, as I am out of politics at any rate.

In my two last letters I said something about sunrise and sunset in California. Now please give me space to say something about the grandest scene of all—*moonlight*. There is moonlight all over the world, but not so much as we have here. In this part of the Golden State there are at least three hundred and fifty clear nights in one year, and three-fourths of these furnish moonlight. I do not hesitate to say that farming could be carried here entirely after night—half the time at any rate, if not more.

When John Milton spoke of the moon he put on airs and said, "Until the moon, rising in clouded majesty, apparent queen of heaven, unveiled her peerless light, and o'er the dark, her silver mantle threw." Robert Burns merely says, "The rising moon began to glower." Both these remarks result from a stretch of the imagination, but what shall I say about a California full moon, shining down through skies clearer than those of Italy, and fairly bloted with beauty? The moonlight here is indescribable, but I can try my hand and pen in informing you how to make California moonlight. Indeed, I should bottle some up and send you a specimen, but the post-office laws do not allow the mail carriers to transport anything in glass-ware. Now to the receipe. Take a nine-pane sash, with a pane of clear glass in the center, and the other surrounding spaces filled with stained glass of red, orange, blue, green, violet, purple, chrome and pink, and set it up so that a clear noon-day sun can shine through, while all is darkened around with curtains, then mix in some odd ends of rainbows, and you will have a good imitation of our moonlight. It is, in fact a sombre light, mellowed by starlight, shaded by the pencil of Plutonian darkness, causing all surrounding objects to look sallow, wierd and bewitched—somewhat similar to the light that comes in through the stained glass windows of a deserted cathedral that was built on the Alps in the olden-time, where a brilient imagination can hear the call of departed spirits, and where the shadow of every pillar seems a veritable ghost. The ghosts we have not, but in their place we have a dismal little owl, whose call is not unlike that of a panther, or a female voice subdued and mellowed by distance; and this is a good substitute for the ghosts, that would otherwise be *sine qua non*. Hundreds of these owls call the live-long night, while the laughing moon rides the heavenly road above us, with a face swollen like a subject of a protracted toothache, or the cheeks if one over-fond of lager beer, and limberger cheese. Taken all in all, a Californ ia moonlight is exquisite, though indescribable.

ROB ROY.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. EVELINE JOHNSTON, LATE OF EBENSBURG.

By Prof. Eugene B. Thorpe, V. E., of Philad'a.

Her hands are cold—her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go:
Her eyes are closed to life and light;
Fold the white vesture—snow on snow—
And lay her where the violets blow.

Perhaps, beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears from alien eyes;—
Above her grave, the cross alone
Proclaims that here a Christian lies.
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

The mountain willow, with high limb,
Shall wheel its circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
And gather green from the ground,
And drop its leaves upon her mound.

When o'er the boughs the squirrels run,
And thro' the leaves the robins call—
When, ripening in the autumn sun,
The chestnuts and the acorns fall—
Her cold remains are deaf to all.

For her the feathered choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with the earliest cry.

When, turning in their dial track
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,—
The little mourners clad in black—
The crickets chirping thro' the grass,
Shall pipe for her a solemn Mass.

Rest, loved one, in thy mountain grave;
God rest thy soul with Him in Heaven!
Thou'st battled thro' life's stormy wave,
And now, all sin and sorrow shriven,
Eternal life, we trust, is given.

GALLITZIN, March 7, 1877.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. R. L. JOHNSTON.

The day of her life was a blessed day,
But the shadows of evening press'd,
The night that follows the day well spent,
And she peacefully sank to rest.

The day was bless'd by the tenderest love,
That mother and wife can know;
The evening watched with the tenderest care
The faithfulest could bestow.

And the sleep is sweet when the Savior called,
Her spirit rejoicing rose,
We humbly trust in His promis'd word,
To the regions of blest repose.

When the same dear Lord in the days gone by
To her open door had fled,
How oft she had comforted, cared for Him,
Had given Him drink and bread.

How often but better the angel's pen
Should alone these deeds record;
The charities silently done for Him
Who alone is their sweet reward

Who giveth the promise that such shall hear
"Ye bless'd of my Father Come";
Like a ray of light from the Heav'ns above,
To a lonely and darken'd home.

LINNET.

OBITUARY.

BOLAND.—Died near the Summit on Tuesday, March 6, 1877, after a long and painful illness, MARY E., wife of James Boland, aged about 40 years.

The subject of this notice was one of those gentle, amiable beings whose death casts a gloom over the community in which they live. An affectionate, loving wife, a tender, watchful mother, an exemplary practical Catholic, a woman who in all her relations in life, as wife, mother and neighbor, could be found nothing but the model of a truly Christian woman' She leaves a husband and six children to mourn her early death.

With a record fair in the Book of books,
Death cometh not as a foe,
But, robed like an angel fair and bright,
He layeth the loved one low.

M,

EASLY.—Died, in Carrolltown, on Sunday night, March 11, 1877, of scarlet fever, THOMAS FRANCISCUS, infant son of James D. and Josephine Easly, aged 2 months and 18 days.

How sad to see the loved one go,
A mother's heart alone can tell,
And none but her can fully know
How hard it is to say farewell.

No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parent's eye:
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

GOUDON.—Died, in Summerhill township, on Saturday, March 10, 1877, of small-pox, SIMON, youngest son of Mr. John Goudon. This is the second one of Mr. Goudon's family that has died with that horrid disease within the last few weeks; and two more are said to be lying with it at this time.

M. W.

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for Tavern Licenses have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county by Wm. Richards, of Jackson township, and Wm. Doubt, of 3d Ward, Johnstown borough, which said petitions will be presented at an Argument Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, the 3d day of APRIL next.

B. M'GOLGAN, Clerk.
Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, March 15, 1877.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that ANDREW MOSES has executed to me a deed of voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and that I have accepted said trust. Persons indebted to said Andrew Moses are required to pay the amount of the same over to me, and all persons having claims against him are requested to present their accounts to me, duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. FISHER, Assignee.
Johnstown, March 16, 1877 -4t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE —JAMES C. MURRAY vs. SAMUEL F. WIKE.—No. 30, March Term, 1877, E. D.

The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, MARCH 30th, 1877, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of his said appointment, at which time and place all persons will present their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

J. G. LAKE,
March 7, 1877.-3t. Auditor.

NO SUCH THING AS FAILURE.

B. L. FAHNESTOCK'S LUNG SYRUP is a safe and speedy cure for Consumption

We will refund the money if it does not do all we claim for it. Trial size, 25 cents. Large size, $1.00, equal to five small bottles. Sold by all dealers. B.L. Fahnestock & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburg.

"Having tried B. L. Fahnestock's Lung Syrup, we can safely commend it as an excellent medicine, and for use among children it is invaluable, acting like a charm."—Ed. Pittsburg Christian Advocate. (3-16, 3m.)

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the COURT HOUSE in EBENSBURG, on

TUESDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1877,

at 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, titil and interest of J. W. Gray, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of D. H. Donley, Charles Ranstead, J. W. Fiske and others, containing five acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of J. W. Gray, and a steam shingle mill, now in the occupancy of Donohue & Cummings. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Charles Ranstead, containing five acres more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Halien. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. H Fisk & Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of James E. Neason, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of the estate of Thomas Adams, dec'd, John Neason, dec'd, and others, containing 75 acres, more of less, about 35 acres cleared, thereon erected a two story log house and log barn, now in the occupancy of James E. Neason. *Also*, all the right, title and interest of James E. Neason, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John W. Neason, Joseph Baker, and others containing 40 acres, more or less, about 10 acres cleared; in possession of James E. Neason. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Bennett. J. Sawyer, for use of John Mellon.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Uriah Lloyd, of, in and to a tract of timber land situate in Chest township Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Stevens & Byers on the east, L. Lee on the north, heirs of Nathanial Hughes, dec'd, on the west, and heirs of Jacob Nagle, dec'd, on the south, containing 100 acres, more or less. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., now for use of John M'Colgan, Thomas Davis, George Huntley, F. H. Barker, A. A. Barker and J. A. Moore.

Also, all the right, title and interest of William Cole, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Augustine Yost and James Yost on the west, on the south by John Flick, on the east by Sylvester Byrnes, and on the north by James Kane, containing 170 acres, more or less, about 150 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a 1½ story plank house, a log bank barn, a two story plank blacksmith shop, and other out buildings—now in the occupancy of William Cole; and a two story log house and log stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Elizabeth Cole. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of R. L. Gamble, for use of M. M. Marple & Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 12, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Hotel of Conrad Raab, in Johnstown, on

Saturday March, 31st, 1877,

at 1 O'CLOCK P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title, and interest of John Jones, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fourth ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the east on Adams street, and having lot of Johnstown, School District on the south, lot of John J. Trefts' heirs on the west, and an alley on the north, having thereon erected a two-story House and Stable, now in the occupancy of John Jones. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Thomas for use of M. W. Keim & Co.

Also, All the right, title, and interest of John Hubner, to wit, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fourth ward of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Pine street, adjoining lot of Jacob Horner, jr., on the north, and lands of Jacob Horner, sr., dec'd, on the south, running back 120 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a two-story Plank House and stable, now in the occupancy of John Hubner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Andrew Glick.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two thirds on confirmation of the deed.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 12, 1877.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and partial account of DWIGHT JONES, Assignee of ALEX. Y. JONES and GEO. W. JONES, surviving partners of T. M. JONES & SONS

7th March, 1877. John P. Linton appointed Auditor to pass and decide on exceptions and make distribution. By the Court.

I will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at the office of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in the borough of Ebensburg, on MONDAY, APRIL 2d, 1877, at 9 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

(3-16 -3t.) JNO. P. LINTON, Auditor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Hotel of J. S. Kiel, in the village of Portage,

On Saturday, March 31st, 1877,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, of which JAMES J. M'GOUGH died seized, to wit: A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND situate in the village of Portage, Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. McKenzie, C. C. Caldwell, and others, containing FORTY PERCHES, more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story PLANK HOUSE.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bond of the purchaser.

DANIEL BOYLE
VALENTINE CRAMER,
Executors of JAMES J. M'GOUGH, dec'd.
March 9, 1877.-3t.

EXECUTRIX'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned Executrix of WM. LARIMER late of Cambria township, dec'd, will offer at public sale, at her residence on the premises,

On Saturday, March 31st, 1877,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OF LAND situate in Cambria township aforesaid, adjoining lands of Bennet, Williams, heirs of David Powell, and others, containing about 209 Acres, 50 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, LOG BARN and other outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

MARY J. LARIMER,
(3-9.-3t.) Executrix of WM. LARIMER, dec'd.

O'NEIL & FOGLE,
(Successors to Akers & O'Neil,)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STATIONERY,
PAPER BAGS,
WRAPPING PAPER,
PRINTING PAPER,
POCKET BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
TOBACCOS,
CIGARS,
&c., &c., &c.,
809 East 12th Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

☞Highest cash prices paid for scrap paper, old paper and rags. [3-9.-1m.]

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg,

On Saturday, March 31st, 1877,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate of which CATHARINE TODD died seized, to wit: A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND situate in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 66 feet on Lloyd street and extending back 264 feet to Ogle street, adjoining Mary Ann street on the east and Lot No. 163 on the west, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE.

☞Terms made known on day of sale.

JAMES MYERS,
Adm'r of CATHARINE TODD, dec'd.
March 9, 1877.-3t.

BLAIRSVILLE LADIES' SEMINARY.—Spring session of 20 weeks opened FEBRUARY 1st, 1877. Rates lower than most other Seminaries with equal advantages and facilities.

Boarding, use of room and furniture	$85.00
Tuition in English Branches, advanced	20 00
" " preparatory	10 00
Light and fuel	6.00
Washing, plain pieces, per dozen (dresses extra)	50
Stationery (copy-books, pens, ink, chalk)	1.50

Music, &c., at usual rates.

Reduction made for daughtors of Ministers.

☞Location easy of access and very healthy and pleasant. ☞Address, for full particulars, [3-9-1m.] J. JEWETT PARKS, Principal.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

Directors of the Poor

OF CAMBRIA COUNTY,

IN ACCOUNT WITH SAID COUNTY

FOR THE YEAR 1876.

DR.

To amount received from—	
Ed. Grew, for one mare	$ 55 00
John Parrish, for two pigs	5 25
F. J. Parrish, Esq., "Canada money"	5 00
J. S. Strayer, Esq., Charlton estate	100 00
Indiana county	56 00
Wm. Slick, Jr., judgment and interest	117 78
Henry Boyer, on judgment	100 65
N. J. Freidhoff, Esq., Treasurer	10,652 22
	$11,091 90

CR.

By amount of orders paid—	
Jos. Miller, Justice of the Peace, 1875	$ 2 00
Jas. Lynch, digging grave, o.d.p., "	1 80
P. M. Woleslagle & Son, goods to out-door pauper, 1875	1 85
Florian Bingell, boarding, o. d. p., 1875	1 20
G. C. K. Zahm, stating account for 1

DOG STORIES.

"When up they got and shook their ings,
Rejoiced they were no men but dogs."

Of late too much attention has been paid to the Spitz dog, to the exclusion of better beasts, and we are glad to see that the London *Spectator* has devoted itself to the collection and publication of stories about clever dogs of every description. Some of the anecdotes show that dogs may acquire a knowledge of the value of money and learn the commercial habit. A brown retriever which belonged to a fishmonger of Lothian street, Edinburgh, a few years ago, was accustomed to sit on his master's steps and wait for some of his friends to give him money. When he received a copper he trotted off to the baker's shop with the coin and laid it on the counter. His peculiar weakness was "soda scones," and when he handed in a half penny he was content with one scone, but if he gave in a penny he would insist upon having two scones. A vagabond Irish retriever was made a pensioner at Greenwich Hospital some thirty years ago, and named Hardy, after the governor of the institution. He was so honored for saving a person from drowning opposite the hospital. His allowance was a penny a day, and as he was a general favorite, he often got many voluntary contributions. He always spent his own money, and would go into the butcher shop, lay the coin on the counter, put his paw and his nose over it, and wait until a fair amount of meat was proffered before he gave it up, always insisting upon double as much for a penny as for a half-penny. Such a knowledge of number and such capacity for dealing across a counter would seem to indicate that dogs may be educated up to the standard of intelligence required by the Republicans for a voter. By extending the suffrage to all the dogs in the south, "both puppy, whelp and mongrel hound, and cur of low degree," they might secure a brave reinforcement to the party ranks. And as Yankee dogs are naturally cleverer than English dogs there is no doubt that some unusually bright curs might be found fit to put on a returning board. At least there is a well-authenticated instance in one of our inland cities of a case in which the canine intellect attained such a degree of human shrewdness that a dog attempted forgery. The culprit was a large Newfoundland dog which was accustomed to go to the butcher's like those spoken of above, and buy meat for himself. It was in the days after the disappearance of silver coins and before the appearance of subsidiary silver, so that the only money that the dog knew was fractional currency. Daily he received his allowance and invested it at the butcher-shop; but it came to pass after a while that he got hungry between meals and conceived the brilliant idea of committing a fraud. He selected a nice piece of paper, took it in his mouth, trotted off to the shop and presented it with a confident air; but unfortunately the butcher, after allowing himself to be imposed upon two or three times, concluded to go behind the returns, and refused to give the dog any more meat except for honest legal-tender. The *Spectator* also brings forward the history of a sad dog that knew enough to distinguish between the different days of the week, and acquired an unfortunate habit of Sabbath-breaking which, of course, resulted in his shameful death. He was brought up in the Canterbury province of New Zealand over twenty years ago, and, according to the primitive customs of all pioneers, his master made use of Sunday for a ramble in the woods, hunting wild ducks and wild pigs. The dog soon learned to watch for Sunday, and knew when it came, and gave many currish indications of his irreligious delight. In the course of time his owner went to live with a clergyman four miles away, and took the dog with him. There was no more hunting on Sunday. The man was content with church service, but the dog was not, and every Sunday he set out in the morning for his old haunts where the old customs still prevailed, had a glorious run in the woods and returned at nightfall. His master not only wanted to be pious himself, but to convert his dog, and so determined to break him of Sabbath-breaking. At noon Saturday he tied him to a fence rail, doubtless determined, like the boatswain who flogged the sailor-boy to prayers, to "save his damned young sinful soul." The perverse nature of the dog, however, prevailed; he dragged the fence-rail to the sea, took it along with him for two miles, and was finally drowned trying to pull it and his heavy chain across a stream. No comment on this awful example is necessary, and we may simply supplement this story of a positivist dog with that of a conscientious dog. A Catholic priest in Canada had a fine Newfoundland dog which learned to distinguish Friday from the rest of the week, and could not be tempted to eat meat on that day. He was overcredulous and trusting in his disposition, however, and if a person threw a piece of meat before him at any time, remarking in a re proachful tone as he took hold of it, "It's Friday, Jack," he would drop the morsel and sneak away with the most abashed air. By way of contrast to the irreligious and the pious bog, we may add the instance of the dissipated dog which is well known in Indianapolis. He goes about to saloons with a master accustomed to frequent such places and drinks the drippings of lager beer from the pans placed under the faucets of beer-kegs until he becomes drunk, when he goes into the street and behaves in the most riotous and disorderly manner. In conclusion, perhaps an anecdote told in the Rochester *Union* not long ago may serve

BALM OF GILEAD OIL.—The following is a famous, and incomparable, remedy for green wounds, burns, bruises, etc. The most alarming cuts and bruises of the skin, which are so frequently rendered worse by spirituous balsam, salves, etc., are completely cured in a few days, and sometimes in a few hours, by this incomparable oil. It should be kept in every house. Put loosely into a bottle of any size, as many balm of Gilead buds or flowers as will reach to about one-third part of its height; then nearly fill the bottle with good sweet oil, and after shaking it a little occasionally, and letting it infuse a day or two, it is fit for use. It must be very closely stopped, and will then not only keep for years, but be the better for keeping.

A RELISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take one-fourth pound fresh cheese, cut it in thin slices, put it in a frying-pan, turning over it a large cupful of sweet milk; and one-fourth teaspoonful dry mustard, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a piece of butter the size of a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Roll three Boston crackers very fine, and sprinkle in gradually, then turn at once into a warm dish; to be sent to the table immediately.

COUGH SYRUP.—As colds and coughs are extremely fashionable just now, I have concluded to send a recipe, which in our family has proved infallible: 1 oz. muriata of vinegar; 1 pint of water (cold), and one pound of brown sugar. Take one tablespoonful, or a small wine glass full, every two hours.

REMEDY FOR CROUP.—A lady correspondent of the Maine *Farmer* says the following is an effective remedy for croup: Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum in a little molasses. It is a simple remedy, one almost always at hand, and one dose seldom fails to give relief. If it should, repeat it after one hour.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

-DEALERS IN-

TIN, COPPER,

-AND-

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

-AND-

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and directly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870-tf.

EBENSBURG

HARDWARE

-AND-

HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, IRON,

NAILS, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.

16-18.] GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND SCRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost is more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for CASH at manufacturer's prices.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

THE BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than any retail prices. Sold for cash at HUNTLEY'S. [1-12-75-tf.]

CARPENTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your TOOLS and BUILDING HARDWARE. Pay cash and save 20 per cent.

HOUSEKEEPERS GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives Forks, Spoons, &c.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange Building, up stairs, corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business entrusted with his profession.

T. W. DUCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-1-75.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21-75.-tf.]

J. G. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*,

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,

Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Provisions and Feed

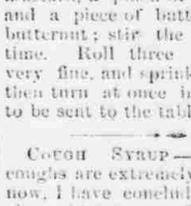
OF ALL KIND, TOGETHER WITH

WESTERN and COUNTRY PRODUCE

such as Fresh Meats, Flour, Bacon, Fish, Salt, Butter, Eggs, Carbon Oil, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,



Wood Street, from 2d to 3d Ave's,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most centrally located first-class house in the city. Street cars within one square every five minutes to all the depots of both cities. Terms $2 per day.

Large Sample Rooms for commercial travelers.

Feb. 16, 1877. 3m. SEITHER & COLBORN, Proprietors.

BLOOD.

Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Erysipelas, Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples and all blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Don't fail to use it. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Price, $1. If your druggist don't keep it, send for it. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Pittsburg, Pa.

Sold by R. J. LLOYD, Ebensburg, Pa. [2-15-1y.]

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Sellers' Liver Pills have stood the test of time, and are the Standard for the cure of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver.

"Sellers' Vermifuge, the 25 cent Worm Destroyer," expelled 600 large, fine worms from my child, 2 years old. Wm. Harvey, for Lizzie Harvey. Price 25 cents. Cash. Be sure your druggist don't keep them, send for them.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sold by R. J. LLOYD, Ebensburg, Pa. [2-15-1y.]

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL.

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. [4-12—tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office and residence in new building on High street, one door west of Blair House. April 5, 13-'76.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21-'75-tf.]

COAL AND LIME for sale in large

THE BLOCK SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—We find the following in an exchange credited to the Johnstown *Democrat*:

The security of accidents on the Pennsylvania Railroad during the progress of the Exposition, when immense numbers of passengers were carried was largely attributable to the efficiency of the block system of railway signals. It consists simply in dividing a line of railroad into sections or blocks, of such length that the movement of trains thereon can be easily observed and recorded by telegraph operators stationed to signal lowers at the end of each block. As might be expected, the signal towers are nearly equal in number to the stations, a few of the minor stations only being without signal towers in the perfected block system. In accordance with its usual far-seeing policy, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was the first to introduce on this section of the line the system of train signals outlined above. The Company's first efforts in this direction were begun a few months since. The work began was sure to be completed, and the block system is in operation on the New York Division and on the main line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. On the main line the system was first used between Philadelphia and Paoli station. It was afterwards extended to Harrisburg, and then between Altoona and Pittsburgh, and recently it has been established on the Middle Division of the road.

East of Harrisburg on the main line, a distance of 105 miles, there are 42 signal stations, thus giving an average interval from one to the other of about two and one-third miles. Further west on the road the distances between the signal stations are considerably greater. The apparatus of each station comprises a signal box, located near the track so as to be easily seen by engineers of trains approaching from either direction, and the telegraph instrument within. The signal box proper stands about eighteen feet from the ground, and consists of sliding green and red signals, two on each side of different colors. These signals can be seen from a considerable distance during the day, and are illuminated at night by a powerful lamp at the centre of the box, which is divided into two compartments by a sheet of thick tin, this last named feature serving to make more pl in the white light of signal which appears when the two bodies mentioned are withdrawn. Red moreen cloth is used for the colored signals and stained glass answers for the other. Four cords connect the two red and green signals on each side with the working room of the tower. By this means the operator can conveniently make the necessary changes in the signals. Red, the stationary signal, is conservative of danger, and informs the engineer of an approaching train that he cannot pass until a second signal shows that the block is clear. This information is conveyed by showing the white signal. A green signal is understood to mean that an engineer can proceed, but with caution, the block not being entirely clear of trains. Two operators are required at each signal tower, one being on duty during the day and the other at night. The exact time at which each train reaches a station is telegraphed at once to the operator at the next succeeding station. He is thus informed that the block is not clear, and if the approaching train be from the west the stationary red signal compels the engineer of a westward bound train to come to a dead stop without venturing on the occupied block. The only conveyed by the red signal to the operator and to engineer is obscurity. For it is thus seen that every engineer in approaching a signal tower knows beyond all doubt the condition of the track between the given point and the succeeding station. The red signal is so arranged as to fall in position of its own accord, and to remain unless drawn upward by the operator.

No passenger train is allowed to pass a station while another train of the same class is on the block or between the two stations without a special order from the superintendent. The precaution renders collisions impossible.—Freight trains are allowed to run on a block in quick succession, from two to five minutes behind each other.

WHY ADVERTISE?—People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which cost over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and their services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat, and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price ($1.50, post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

AUSTRALIAN CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—A correspondent of the *Queenslander* gives the following cure for sore throat: It cannot be too generally known that all forms of sore throat, whether simple, ulcerated, quinsy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, or otherwise, can be either totally cured or greatly alleviated by simply wearing a soft old silk kerchief twice around the neck, high up and next the skin, especially if worn at night when the pain is first felt. Like Naaman, the Syrian, people will take any trouble but the right one, and fly to gargles, blisters, lotions, pills, etc., and keep at them for a month at a time, but an old silk square—why it's too absurd, and so they hug their sore throat and wonder why it don't get better. Not only does the silk cure the sore throat, but it prevents a recurrence of it. I was formerly a martyr to quinsy and ulcerated sore throat, and used to have a whole month of it regularly every winter, and in spite, too, of all the usual battery of pills, gargles, etc., it ran its course till I tried the silk; the sore throat then took the hint and has left me alone ever since as a bad customer. I invariably kill it within an hour of any attempt it makes upon me; an old sore throat will take a day to cure. Mind, I do not pretend to say that the silk will cure fever or any other symptom or complication that may accompany sore throat, but this I do say, that it will cure and remove all pain and difficulty of swallowing in the throat without the aid of any local remedy, or it will do it in spite of them, if you do apply them and it both, but, without fail, cure only comes by nature, not physic, as far as the sore throat goes; other remedies are neither good nor harm, except as they keep you from trying the infallible silk.

Furs Wanted

JOSEPH WEISSER,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

IS prepared to buy FURS of all kind, for which he will pay the highest price in CASH. Red and Grey Fox, Bear, Raccoon, Otter, Mink and Muskrat skins are specially desired.

P. S.—A large assortment of elegant CLOCKS on hand and for sale at the very LOWEST PRICES. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., promptly repaired and warranted, and that too at lower rates than has heretofore been charged in this community. Those who have tried me know what I can do and those who have not are respectfully invited to give me a call. JOSEPH WEISSER

Dec. 1, 1875. Colonnade Row, Ebensburg.

WATCHMAKING.—Having taken the room formerly occupied by H. Kinkead, Esq., in the rear of the old FREEMAN office and next door to M. L. Oatman's store, High street, the undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to repair clocks watches, jewelry, etc., at short notice, in a workmanlike manner, and at the lowest living prices. Please give me a call. CARL EVINIUS.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

R. S. & A. P. Lacey,

Attorneys-at-Law,

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Claims prosecuted in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

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OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp and a full reply, after examination, will be given you without charge.

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We pay cash for Bounty Land Warrants and we invite correspondence with all parties having any for sale, and give full and explicit instructions where assignments are imperfect.

We combine our business in separate Bureaus having therein the clerical assistance of able and experienced lawyers and give our closest personal supervision to every important paper prepared in each case. Promptest attention thus secured to all business entrusted us. Address

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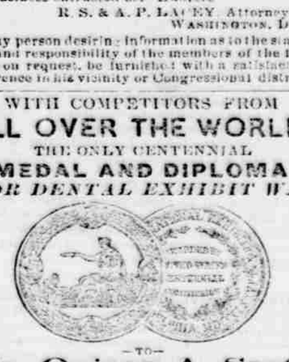
THE ONLY CENTENNIAL

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

FOR DENTAL EXHIBIT WAS



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Dr. Quincy A. Scott,

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For finest specimens of Natural Teeth filled with pure Gold and Artificial Teeth mounted on Gold, Silver, Platinum, Vulcanite, Celluloid, Rose Pearl, Ebony Gum, English Flesh-color Gum, Mineral Base, and Scott's Gum Enameled Base. Also for the Great Atmospheric Disk, for retaining Artificial Teeth firmly in place.

In addition to this high recognition of Dr. Scott's Great Dental Skill he is also endorsed by the leading citizens Physicians Ministers, Attorneys and Business men of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Scott continues inserting the finest Gold fillings at from $1 to 5, and the best Vulcanite sets of teeth for $12; other styles for $15 to $75.

In Gum or GOLD SETS, $75 to $150.

Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed in ALL styles of work. The Gold sets warranted to be THE BEST MADE IN THE WORLD.

Take only Dr. Scott's pleasant and *safe* anæsthetic for the painless extraction or pointless filling of teeth, and run no risk.

In Call or send for Circulars, &c.

Write to above address and make an appointment, and you will only have to remain in Pittsburgh one day to get a set of teeth or have any operation performed.

The Centennial specimens are now on exhibition at 278 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh. [1-12-1y.]

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They have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been disposed, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complex business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.—*Extract from the New York "Times," June 14, 1875.*

Send for a Circular.

January 19, 1877.-4m.

DON'T YOU KNOW

CARPETS,	What to Do?	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	Why visit Altoona and buy	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	your Carpets	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	Or Clothing, Dry	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	Goods, Dress	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	Goods, Notions,	OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,	Carpet Yarn,	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	&c., from WM.	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	MURRAY,	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	who keeps the	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	largest assort-	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	ment in the city	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	and sells at pri-	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	ces which other	AND NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,	dealers cannot	AND NOTIONS,
Great Variety,	match. Wake	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	up when you go	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	there, and find	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	the place where	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	no stranger is	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	taken and no	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	tricks of trade	Great Variety,
Great Variety,	practiced—at	Great Variety.

1317 ELEVENTH AVE.,

[1-5.] Altoona, Pa. [6m.]

A CERTAIN HEADACHE CURE.

A HARMLESS VEGETABLE PREPARATION, and the discovery of a physician, the Victor Headache Powder has been proven a positively sure cure for the most distressing cases of Sick or Nervous Headache. Morning Sickness and Neuralgia, a single powder actually curing in ten minutes when all other means fail. We have had wonderful experiences with it, and the ten cent trial pack of two powders can be had by addressing the proprietors, J. R. HERSHEY & CO., SALEM, N. J., who will cheerfully mail them post-paid, or by applying to LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg, and Druggists everywhere; and it is with well merited confidence they are offered as a thorough cure for all distresses of the head. [1-12-1y.]

CARD.—HARRY JACOBS would respectfully inform his many friends in Cambria county and elsewhere that the undersigned firm, of which he is a member, has opened a NEW ESTABLISHMENT at No. 319 Market Street, Philadelphia (in the old stand of Jacobs & Co.), where the very best grades of WINES and LIQUORS, for domestic use, and will at all times keep an assortment of the very best brands only) which will compare favorably with any ever offered to the trade. All persons visiting the city are cordially invited to inspect our stock. JACOBS & CO.,

319 Market Street, Philadelphia.

P. S.—We will also keep on hand a fine stock of choice brands of Cigars. [6-15.-tf.]

BONNER HOUSE, LORETTO, PA.—Having just completed and furnished this commodious and elegant hotel, the subscriber respectfully solicits from the public in general an summer visitors in particular a fair share of patronage. The house is supplied with all modern improvements, and has a fine ten-pin alley attached, as well as abundant provisions for the accommodation and amusement of all who may favor the house with their custom. Terms only $10 per week.

W. J. BONNER.

Loretto, May 19, 1876.-tf.

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LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

Corner Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,

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Very centre of town. Fronts the south entrance to the Court House.

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(Opposite Revere House.)

The SCIENCE of LIFE;

Or, Self-Preservation.

More than One Million Copies Sold.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Author by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled the "SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF PRESERVATION." It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and how perpetuated; cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Impotency, Premature Decline in Man Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Losses (nocturnal and diurnal), Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of Energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from the Excesses of Youth or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years.

It tells you all about the Morale of Generative Physiology, the Starving of Wedlock and Offspring, Physical Contrasts, True Morality, Imperialism, Perversion of Marriage, Conjugal Precept and Friendly Counsel, Physical Infirmity, Its Causes and Cure, Relations between the Sexes, Proofs of the Expansion of Vice, the Mysteries of Impudence, Ancient Ignorance and Errors, Secret Cure, Cure of Body and Mind, THEIR PRINCIPLES OF TREATMENT. Address to Patients and Invalid Readers, The Author's Principles. The price of this book is only $1.00.

This book also contains MORE than FIFTY PRESCRIPTIONS for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

Also, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES; more than 200 royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin. Price only $2.00. Barely enough to pay for printing.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self Preservation. The author has returned from Europe in excellent health, and again at the head of the resulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass."—*Republican Journal.*

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"Hope nestles in the bottom of Pandora's box, and hope plumes her wings anew, since the issuing of these valuable works published by the Peabody Medical Institute, which are teaching thousands how to avoid the maladies that sap the citadel of life."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

"It should be read by the young, the mid-lle-aged and even the old."—*New York Herald.*

The first and only Medal ever conferred upon any Medical Man in this country, and recognition of skill and professional services, was presented to the author of these works, March 31st, 1876. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence in the Boston Press and the leading journals throughout the country. This magnificent Medal is of solid gold, with the Arms thereon, and one hundred Ivy in diamonds of rare brilliancy.

"Altogether, in its execution and the richness of its material, and size, this is decidedly the most noticeable medal ever struck in this country for any purpose whatever. It is well worth the inspection of Numismatists. It was fairly won and worthily bestowed."—*Massachusetts Ploughman, June 31, 1876.*

Pamphlets sent on receipt of 6c. for postage.

Either of the above works sent by mail on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, for W. H. PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Mass., opposite Revere House.

N. B. The author can be consulted on the above named diseases as well as all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. Office hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. [7-7.-1y.]

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation, which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,
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BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lewis's, Hoff's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos.

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMBSTONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very low-

THE HISTORY OF SKATING.

It can only be conjectured when skating was first practiced, but it is certainly very long ago. In an ancient collection of Scandinavian songs or legends known as the "Edda," Ull, the handsome god, is described as being the possessor of a pair of skates. This proves that skating is at least a thousand years old. It is supposed to have been introduced into England about the twelfth century, and in the central parts of Europe somewhat earlier. It is curious, that although northern nations possess the art of those of America knew nothing of skate, while the people of Europe did not have the snow-shoe. The use of invention varied, according to requirements. In America, in latitudes, the snows are heavy and ice is comparatively rare. In the corresponding parts of Europe there is much more clear ice, and proportionately less snow.

The ancient skates were made of the shinbones of oxen or other large animals pierced with holes to receive the cords or thongs which fastened them to the feet. Fitzstephen's "description of London," written in the twelfth century, is the earliest English work in which skating is spoken of, and we learn from its description that the performers upon these bone skates propelled themselves in motion by striking against the ice with an iron shod pole. Sometimes specimens of these ancient skates have been discovered. As the progress of excavations in some European countries; and a very well preserved pair, so found in London, are now in the British Museum.

It is unknown when or where skating was first employed in the manufacture of skates. It was probably invented for skates, of a pattern very nearly like that of the ones we have now, which were known in that country long and extensively used by all classes of people, long before the pastime of skating became general on the Continent. Skating is something more than a pastime in Holland. There it is one of the useful arts, and universally practised and highly esteemed. It is a very convenient mode of travelling in winter over the canals that intersect entirely supply the place of roads in the Land of Dykes; and the people go from farm to farm, and from town to town, and to church, and to market often carrying heavy loads. The Russians have a different motive, with rougher driving, to lay hold of the slippery snow, as it has proved a success; but in England, every man is his own skater. And so is every woman, for it has long been esteemed as a healthful exercise for ladies to skate in Holland; and in many other countries, until recently, the most excellent of outdoor exercise for them has been almost unknown.

The first skaters in our part of the world were the Dutch settlers of the "Province of the New Netherlands," who doubtless brought their skates with them in the first ship that vessel, the "Goede Vrow," which, we are told by the learned Diedrich Knickerbocker, "had on board of her in the beam, one hundred feet long on the keel, and one hundred feet long on the bottom of the storeroom to be transfered." The Dutch colonists held skating in high honor for having introduced skating and Christmas sports into America, if for nothing else, for which did so, the worthy St. Nicholas should be esteemed the patron saint of all skaters.—*From "On the Ice," by Edwin Russell, St. Nicholas for 1877.*

NAPHTHA IN THE CAUCASUS.—Naphtha is produced in large quantities in the Caucasus wells in the neighborhood of the town of Baku, which existed for centuries. A well, 1,200 feet deep, dug by the Persians several hundred years ago, is shown to travelers. In 1874 the Russian government imposed a tax of 6 cents per pood (36 pounds) on petroleum brought an income of $1,000,000, showing a yield of 11,000,000 pounds of petroleum, and a proportionate increase of times that amount of naphtha. At that time upwards of 1,000 wells were in operation in the neighborhood of Baku, but owing to the destruction of American petroleum wells since been closed. It is said that a Hindoo monastery of great wealth is established, where a sacred fire perpetually rises from the ground. There is great room for improvement in the methods of refining petroleum, and only by this means can the production of Baku petroleum compete with that of the United States.

CURE FOR HOLLOW HORN.—Frequently cows are sick, losing their horns and ears, and even the whole head of food. The disease is contagious in effect are mostly called hollow horn, and with many farmers is a very troublesome and doubtful utility. With care and attention perfected, gentle treatment is the best, and the cheapest in the long run. Boring the cow's horn is more humane than good. Take sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, each one gill, mix well together, add a half gill of cayenne pepper, and rub the cow's horns well around the roots of the horns, as much as it can be borne without hurting.